JOHN BULL

TWOPENCE

PEOPLE do appreciate Craven 'A' quality, for they give more Craven 'A' than any other cork-tipped cigarette in the whole wide world at Christmas time.

Craven 'A' are so fresh, so cool, so luxuriously smooth to the throat that they are always sure of a welcome.

You can buy Craven 'A' in their smart, colourful gift boxes everywhere—six convenient sizes to choose from, each with a card on the back for your personal greetings.

Give throat-smooth smoking this Christmas—give Craven 'A'.

HANDY TO POST

25 for 1/3
40 for 2/-
50 for 2/6
100 for 5/-
150 for 7/6
200 for 10/-

MADE SPECIALLY TO PREVENT SORE THROATS

CARRERAS LTD. 150 YEARS' REPUTATION FOR QUALITY

These SHADFORTH PRESCRIPTIONS *Give Prompt Relief*

They will save your doctors' bills. Keep them in your medicine chest. Order them NOW!

FRAZZLED NERVES

"Vitality in a Nut"

Here is a nut which makes a real man or woman of you in a few hours; frazzled nerves full of vim, gloomy thoughts gone, faith strengthened, hope renewed before nightfall, life worth living to-morrow. It is the Doctor's Best Tonic for heart, nerves, stomach and kidneys—it prevents palpitation, faintness, heart failure, tremblings, run-down condition, stops your falling-to-pieces feeling. Don't imagine yourself into an illness, have a good rest, take this tonic and be normal in a few days. Ask for "Blue Lion Pot Nuts." Shadforth Prescription No. 632. Prices 1/- (25), 1/9 (50), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144).

Descriptive Book (J.B. 320) post free.

Reduce YOUR High

BLOOD PRESSURE

Rejuvenate YOUR Arteries. Strengthen YOUR Heart COME OFF the Danger List.

Avoid Blood Pressure Breakdown! Steady heart action co-ordinated with youth-like elastic arteries are now possible for those past their prime. The "Shadforth" Simple Home Treatment for Arterio-Sclerosis rapidly reduces high blood pressure and tension. It gives prompt relief from palpitation, giddiness, premonitions of collapse, and sleeplessness; it leads to permanent restoration and makes you 20 years younger within 20 days. **Get it NOW.** (Prescription No. 1166/T.) Prices: 2/6, 5/6, 15/6.

Privately packed and post free at these prices.

"How to Prevent Blood Pressure" (Book No. J.B.296) post free.

NO MORE DISTURBED NIGHTS

Quick Relief and Comfort.

Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Incontinence, Constipation, Gall Stones, with associated Gout, Sciatica, Gravel, Scalding and constant getting up at nights are quickly relieved by the bloodless surgery of "Shadforters." Immediately, all day and all night, painlessly, secretly, and without the loss of one drop of blood or one hour of employment, they get to work. They cleanse, cool and heal. They move what is harmful. You are restored. Don't worry. Shadforth will give you prompt relief.

Ask for Shadforth Prescription No. 225.

Prices: 1/6 (25), 2/6 (50), 4/6 (100), 12/- (300).

Privately packed and post free at these prices. The Special Shadforth Book on Kidney and Bladder Troubles (No. J.B.254) post free.

HEADACHE

RHEUMATISM—SCIATICA—INFLUENZA

All Nerve Pains, including those of Neuralgia, Colds, Influenza, Headache, Sciatica, Neuritis, etc., are promptly relieved by "Shadspro" Compound, the new painkiller (No. 223). This formula is non-purgative and does not upset the stomach. It quickly relieves pain and renders movement possible. It reduces inflammation and temperature, and kills bacteria. Prices: 9d. (10), 1/3 (25), 2/- (50), 3/6 (100 tablets).

In exceptionally painful cases use a Neuritis Outfit (No. 622A). Prices: 3/- (6), and 5/6 (12).

The Shadforth Booklet on Neuritis (No. J.B.236) post free.

LIVER TROUBLES

CONSTIPATION, BILIOUSNESS, SICK HEADACHE.

PERIODICAL bilious attacks, constipation, sick headache and bowel indigestion indicate a sluggish liver, and for this nothing equals this pill. Take it with each meal and you will soon be better. This is a useful formula to keep in the house for family use. Get it now, and prove its worth. It is known as Shadforth's Prescription (No. 2,000).

Prices: 6d. (36), 1/3 (100), 3/- (300 pills).

Privately packed and post free at these prices.

Special Booklet (J.B.222) post free.

Further well-known SHADFORTH prescriptions prescribed and used at this season of the year:—

"WHITE LIONS" or Stomach Tablets (No. 1077) cure Acidity, Gastritis, Stomach Pains and Digestive Disorders. Prices: 6d. (24), 1/6 (72), 2/6 (144).

"SHADPHOS" or Nourasthenia Tablets (No. 470) the mighty modern tonic for brain and nerves. Prices: 1/- (12), 1/9 (25), 3/3 (50), 6/- (100).

Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites and the best chemists either hold stock or gladly obtain to order, or YOU CAN OBTAIN PRIVATELY PACKED AND POST FREE AT THESE PRICES FROM:—

SHADFORTH

PRESCRIPTION SERVICE, LTD.,

Dispensing Chemists,

(Dept. J.B.169), 40, KING WILLIAM ST., LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4, and Branches.

MRS. K. BOOTHMAN, of "Briar Lee," Waddington, Clitheroe, Lancs, did everything possible to get her fire alight, but it would not "draw." Perhaps the wind was in the wrong direction that morning, but she could not waste much more time over the fire. Better drop a little paraffin on it. She had never done that before, but there was no reason why she should not do it now.

Her daughter ran round to the store for a quart of paraffin and then went off to school.

Mrs. Boothman poured a little of the paraffin on to the apparently lifeless coal in the grate. Suddenly a flame shot out and caught her dress. In a second her clothes were ablaze. Her screams brought assistance, but not before she had suffered terrible shock and sustained burns from which later she died.

"JOHN BULL'S" CHEQUE.

As Mrs. Boothman was a registered reader of "John Bull," a cheque for £50—the Benefit provided under "John Bull's" Great Free Family Insurance Gift for fatal home accidents—has been promptly paid.

EXCLUSIVE BENEFITS.

In addition to providing numerous other accident benefits, "John Bull" is still the only paper in the world to safeguard your household effects against damage by FIRE, STORM, FLOOD and TEMPEST and to pay SICKNESS BENEFITS.

£558 1s. 5d. PAID LAST WEEK.

During the past week alone "John Bull" distributed no less than £558 1s. 5d. to registered readers or their dependants as follows:

Household & Sickness Benefits	£274	1	5
Accident Benefits—Adults...	£118	0	0
Children's Accidents ...	£166	0	0
	£558	1	5

Here are yet a few more letters from readers who have received Benefit under "John Bull's" Great Free Family Insurance Gift. These letters are typical of thousands received by "John Bull."

"Most Gratifying"

"I beg to acknowledge receipt of your most generous cheque, for which I thank you.

"Of course, nothing could possibly cover the sentimental value of my loss, but it is most gratifying to know that there is such a paper as 'John Bull' to help us in this sort of troubles." *B. H. T.—Liverpool.*

"It has come as a Godsend"

"I write to thank you wholeheartedly for the generous cheque we have received from 'John Bull.' It has come as a godsend to us in our trouble, and we are both glad to think that we were lucky enough to have had the sense to take 'John Bull.'"

M.—Tottenham.

"Kindly Consideration"

"I thank you for the kindly consideration of my claim. I have been a lifelong reader of 'John Bull,' which is the only paper that covers its readers for fire." *A. J. L.—Totnes.*

"Your Generous Cheque"

"Thanks very much for cheque. Owing to the serious loss I suffered I thought things could not be made the same again; but owing to your generous cheque I am now able to put things once more in order."

J. H.—Egremont.

If you have not yet registered for this unique Security Gift, do so to-day. Use the Forms below now. Many tragedies are caused through hidden dangers. You are urged to act at once for the sake of those who depend upon you.

"JOHN BULL" THE ONLY PAPER TO PAY FIRE, STORM, FLOOD & SICKNESS BENEFITS

SIGN TO-DAY

JOHN BULL

Hand this Form to Your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 24/12/38.

CUT HERE

Post this Form to

"John Bull" Registration Department, 12B, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....

Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.

.....

.....

..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A Certificate setting out the full Benefits and Conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 24/12/38.

HERE'S A PROFITABLE PASTIME FOR XMAS!

Don't on any account miss the "Fitting Phrases" Contest on pages 12, 14, 16, 23, 25, 27 and 29. Seven separate cheques of £20 each must be won. No entrance fee. Enter at once and—

WIN A £20 CHEQUE IN A SIMPLE CONTEST

See pages 12, 14, 16, 23, 25, 27 and 29.

MISCELLANEOUS ADS.

(Continued from page 31)

DRAGE'S Offer of Wonderful Furnishing Values. Send for Free Furnishing Catalogue. Home lovers should make a point of getting a copy of Drage's Furnishing Catalogue, which contains illustrations of their fine furnishings, particulars of their famous 50 Pay Way Easy Terms and special protection services. Or perhaps you would like a free copy of Drage's Annual. Write, mentioning JOHN BULL, to Drage's, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), 72-78, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

IF you have a Son or Nephew or younger Brother, get him to write for this Free Catalogue—the wonderful new 72-page Meccano Catalogue, containing full details and illustrations of the complete range of Meccano parts, with which he can build bridges, towers, cranes, aeroplanes, ships. There is always something new to make and something new to invent. Quite apart from the endless pleasure it gives, Meccano provides real educational value among the young of all ages. A copy of this Special Catalogue can be secured post free in return for the names and addresses of three chums. Write, mentioning JOHN BULL, to Meccano, Ltd. (Dept. 37), Binns Road, Liverpool, 13.

TIPPLE WHILE YOU EAT. A modern way with Beef Steak Pudding. "Add half a pint of wine to your beef-steak and kidney pudding next time you are making one," was the startling advice given by Miss Elizabeth Craig, well-known cookery expert, speaking on "Ways with Wines" in London recently. She meant it, too, and pointed out that British Wines could be used and how good and inexpensive they were. Here is another surprise. If most housewives in this country started making beef-steak puddings this way the British wine industry could stiff cope with the demand. Confirming this, an official of the British Wine Association said, "Yes, it may not be generally realised, but no less than 6,000,000 (six million) gallons of sherry, vermouth, port-type and other wines are produced in Britain every year. That would be enough for the making of 96,000,000 beef-steak puddings, roughly two each for every man, woman and child in the country."

THE Rage of Paris! Paris, originator of so many beauty tricks, has created another startling innovation—Black Lipstick! All the smartest Parisienne women are using it. But, although black in the stick, it is red on the lips—light red if you moisten your lips well before applying; medium red if you moisten them a little; dark red if you put it on dry. We tried it on several kinds of lips—thick, thin, long and dry—and it made them all delightfully soft, inviting, youthful. Made by Tokalon, this Black Lipstick is said to contain a rare, nourishing ingredient to make it stay on—and it not only does stay on, but also keeps the lips moist and tender. You certainly ought to try this new Tokalon Black Lipstick. It's the very latest thing—the rage of Paris! At all stores 6d. Any woman reader may obtain a special size New Black Lipstick free. Send 3d. in stamps to cover postage, packing, etc., to Tokalon, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), Chase Road, London, N.W.10.

THE FIRST STEP TO PERSONAL FITNESS. Government investigations into the reason for the alarming state of the nation's health reveal that "the country's teeth are rotten." (We quote the verdict of Mr. Elliot, Minister of Health.) Authorities are agreed that the first and most vital necessity for good health is sound teeth for proper mastication and perfect digestion. Besides, "bad" teeth are a slow poison. If your teeth are defective, if any are decayed, have them attended to by a dentist without delay and to preserve the others start using a reliable antiseptic toothpaste every morning and night. Dentists recommend Kolynos because they know that for killing the germs that cause decay Kolynos is unsurpassed. Moreover, Kolynos whitens the teeth without scouring or bleaching the enamel, an important point to consider, especially when choosing a dentifrice for children. The first step, then, to personal fitness is to have your teeth inspected by a dentist and use Kolynos regularly. The makers of Kolynos will be pleased to send their booklet, "The Cause and Prevention of Tooth Decay," free to all who appreciate the vital importance of the care of the teeth. Write for your copy, mentioning JOHN BULL, to: Kolynos, 12, Chenies Street, London, W.C.1.

GIVE a Coffret for Christmas. One of the nicest ways of remembering your women friends at Christmas is to give them a Tokalon Coffret. You have six combinations of these Coffrets from which to choose. Three contain Poudre Tokalon, Vanishing Skinfood and "Bloc!" Skinfood, and the other three have Poudre Tokalon, Vanishing Skinfood and Cold Cream. The price of each Coffret commences at 1/6, the Coffret itself being presented free. Although inexpensive, this Christmas Coffret is sure of a warm welcome by your friends. Poudre Tokalon is a Paris-created face powder, and being blended with double "Mousse of Cream," it imparts a flattering, skin-like loveliness which stays fresh and "matt" all day. The Vanishing Skinfood is not only a perfect base for powder, but also makes rough, blemished skin radiantly clear and smooth. Remember, with these Coffrets you have an alternative choice. You can either give one with the "Bloc!" Skinfood, or with the Cold Cream. "Bloc!" Skinfood is used all over the world for getting rid of age-lines and wrinkles in a few days. The Cold Cream is equally popular for cleansing and softening the skin. So for a Happy Christmas and a "lovely" New Year, why not give a Tokalon Coffret?

PLAYER'S FOR CHRISTMAS. You remember, no doubt, the delight expressed by your friends last year on receiving really big Christmassy tins of "Player's." This year many of Player's brands are again being supplied in gay, season-able postal cartons. The famous "Medium" Navy Cut Cigarettes are available in tins of 100 for 1/2, 100 for 4/10, 50 for 2/6, and in card boxes of 100 for 4/8, 50 for 2/8 and 25 for 1/3. For smokers who prefer the ordinary 20's packet there are postal cartons containing five packets of 20 for 4/9½. The "Mild" Navy Cut Cigarettes, so popular to-day, are supplied in card boxes 50 for 2/8, also in the Christmas cartons. Player's "Weights" Cigarettes in Christmas cartons of 50 for 2/- (four card boxes of 12), or 50 in card box 1/8, are an inexpensive yet always welcome gift, and are now supplied cork-tipped or plain. Player's "Gold Leaf" Navy Cut Cigarettes in decorated tins of 50 for 2/11 are just right where a higher-grade cigarette is required. Specially blended for sensitive throats, Player's Cork-tipped "Bachelor" Cigarettes, in flat tins of 50 for 2/6, always make an acceptable gift. Then there are those generous size Player's No. 3 Virginia in flat pocket tins of 50 for 2/6, for smokers who appreciate a cigarette of extra quality. Both brands are supplied in Christmas cartons. Player's "Whiffs"—those delightful little cigars with the real Havana flavour—are available in tins of 12 for 2/-. With the pipe smoker, Player's "Medium" Navy Cut Tobacco in 1 lb. tins at 4/4 is always a favourite at Christmas time. Equally popular are "Airman" Mixture in 1 lb. tins 3/4, "Big Ben" in 1 lb. tins 3/-, and the "Digger" range of all Empire Tobaccos at 2/6 per 1 lb. tin. The new "Double Ring" Mixture and Plain—10¼ per 1 oz. airtight tin—has also become a favourite with many.

JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW

ALL ROUND VALUE AND A SQUARE GUARANTEE FOR A STRAIGHT LINE

EVERY OFFER COVERED BY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE ON PAGE 33.

CARPET BARGAINS

9/11

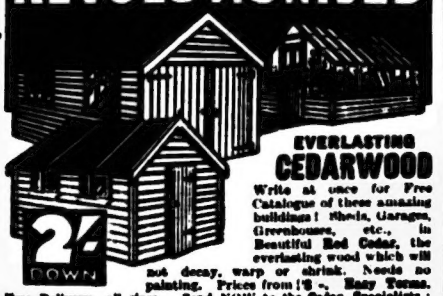
This Phenomenal Offer is made to "John Bull" readers. On receipt of P.O. 9/-, carr. 1/- extra, we will forward direct from our looms one of our 'Prudential' Broadloom SEAMLESS WOVEN CARPETS. Suitable for Drawing, Dining and Bedroom etc., handsomely tweed-ed, in 30 Turkey patterns and fashionable shades of Crimson, Green, Brown, Blue, Rose and Art Colourings to suit all requirements and large enough to cover any ordinary-sized room. They are made of material equal to wool and being a speciality of our own can only be obtained direct from our Looms, saving purchaser all middle profits. Guaranteed genuine bargains. Money refunded if not approved. Thousands repeat Orders. With every Carpet we absolutely give away a handsome Rug to match. SPECIAL OFFER: 2 carpets, 2 Rugs and 2 door mats for 20/-. Carriage Paid. Cash or C.O.D.

Illus. Bargain Catalogue post free.

F. HODGSON & SONS (J.B.), Woodsley Road, Leeds.

REVOLUTIONISED

PORTABLE BUILDING CONSTRUCTION



2/- DOWN

EVERLASTING CEDARWOOD

Write at once for Free Catalogue of these amazing buildings! Sheds, Garages, Greenhouses, etc., in Beautiful Red Cedar, the everlasting wood which will not decay, warp or shrink. Needs no painting. Prices from 19/-. Easy Terms. Free Delivery—all sizes. Send NOW to the Cedar Specialists: R. H. HALL & Co. (Kent), Ltd., 637, Paddock Wood, KENT

CUCKOO! GENUINE BLACK FOREST CUCKOO CLOCKS

Bird hours and cuckoo the time every quarter of an hour with clear voice. Ornamental case carved in woodlined design. Solid brass keyless movement with adjustable pendulum. Giving accuracy for years without attention. Complete with chain, weights, pendulum, etc. ready to hang on wall for long service. Limited number only at 3/11, post and boxing 1/-. Immediate despatch Open Xmas Eve

FULL STRENGTH

BANKRUPT STOCK OF 800 ONLY TO CLEAR

3/11 POST & BOXING 1/-

Avoid disappointment by sending P.O. 4/11 at once.

MAIL PRODUCTIONS, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.C.23), 89/91, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1

FULL-LENGTH BED-CHAIR

17/6!

Solid Oak frame. Velvet cord cushions any colour. Fast spring seats. Cut and tapest or send for Cat. J. of bargains in upholstered chairs, bed, and dining-room suites. Cheques, reg. letters and crossed P.O.s to:—

Carr. & Pack 2/6

NORTH BUCKS DIRECT TRADING CO. LTD., 82, Shaftesbury Ave., Piccadilly Circus, London, W.1.

AUTOMATIC LIGHTER • CIGARETTE CASE

4/9

An essential Combination sought by smokers for years. Delivers cigarettes and a light in one single-handed operation as you remove the case and press the levers simultaneously. Finely made to hold 12 cigarettes and to fit the waistcoat pocket. Handsomely finished in chrome with engine-turned surface. Usually 21/-, but limited stock offered at special sale price of 4/9 post, etc., 3d. extra. Immediate despatch. Send at once to—

MAIL PRODUCTIONS, LIMITED (Dept. J.B.L.S.4.), 89/91, New Oxford St., London, W.C.1. Open Xmas Eve

WONDERFUL OFFER: AIRMAN'S GAUNTLETS

2/3 POST 6d

Warm fleece-lined. Solid leather glove with genuine water-proof gauntlet. Very smart design. Perfect fitting. Warm, supple and certainly smart. To clear 2/3, post, etc., 6d. Absolutely unrepeatable after present stocks are exhausted. Send to-day. Your money willingly refunded if not completely satisfied. Immediate despatch. OPEN XMAS EVE.

MAIL PRODUCTIONS, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.A.Q.7), 89/91, New Oxford Street, LONDON, W.C.1.

GET that SUTCLIFFE Store SHED - NOW!

FROM MONTHLY 3/8

Design S.S.

For storing Tools, Garden Implements, Cycles. Built in 6 strong, perfect fitting sections, easily the best value. Carriage paid. Roofing Felt included free. Floors extra. Small Sizes Sheds from 35/-.	Delivered on first payment. Long. Wide. High.	Cash or 12 pts.
	6ft. 4ft. 6½ft.	£2 0 0 3/8
	7ft. 5ft. 6½ft.	£3 2 0 5/8
	10ft. 7ft. 6½ft.	£4 5 0 7/10
	12ft. 9ft. 7ft.	£5 10 0 10/8

Send for Free Catalogue. Garages 77/6, Greenhouses 57/6, Aviaries 60/-, Workshops 84, Poultry Cabins 39/-. Fencing 3/- per yd. Kennels 27/-, Asbestos Garages £5. 5s, Bungalows £22. 5s, etc.

F. & H. Sutcliffe, Ltd., 82, Wood Top, Hebden Bridge, Yorkshire. London Showrooms-40-42 Oxford Street, W.1

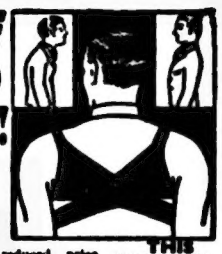
17 NURSERY RHYMES ON RECORD

COMPLETE SET ONLY **10d**

By Uncle Tom and Uncle Harry, vocalists of Children's Hour Fame. We have been chosen to clear complete bankrupt Stock of these records, and have decided to dispose of them at the ridiculously low price of 10d., post 2d. to defray advertising costs, just to circularise our Bumper Catalogue. Send P.O. for 1/- (stamps not accepted), when the set of records will be sent immediately. Little Jack Horner, Ding Dong Bell, Miss Muffet, etc. Orchestra accompaniments. Send Now! This offer may never be repeated. Immediate despatch. OPEN XMAS EVE.

MAIL PRODUCTIONS, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.N.R.3), 89-91, New Oxford St., London, W.C.1. Phone: TEM. 7054.

NO MORE ROUND SHOULDERS!



Stop that slovenly stooping—look fit and be fit. Every man and woman with a tendency to round shoulders should get this Model Bracer, made of genuine surgical curaitex material containing no rubber at the special reduced price of 1/9, post 4d. Adds two inches to your height. Keeps the chest expanded and encourages deep healthy breathing. Quite inconspicuous and comfortable in wear. Highly recommended by physical training instructors and health culture experts. Send P.O. 2/1 for immediate despatch.

THIS MODEL NOW REDUCED TO **1/9** POST 4d

Mail Productions, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.M.B.14), 89,91, New Oxford St., London, W.C.1. Open Xmas Eve

3/6 MILITARY CUT Proofed COATS

POST 1/-

FINAL CLEARANCE

Strictly limited number at this price. Cut military pattern with full belt, generous storm collar. Grey or Fawn coloured stormproof material, Indians, proofing and cow shoulders, self-lined, adjustable sleevehand to keep out wind. Ideal for Flying, Motoring or town wear. Exceptionally smart. A coat to keep out the cold. All brand new and perfect. Chest measurement 34in. 3/6; 36 & 38in. 4/9; 40in. 5/9. 42 & 44in. 6/9. Postage and packing 1/- extra. Buttons can be altered 3in. if required. Proofing fully guaranteed. Immediate dispatch.

MAIL PRODUCTIONS, LTD. (Dept. J.B.F.L.5), 89/91, New Oxford St., London, W.C.1. (Open Xmas Eve.)

400 ONLY JAZZ DRUM SETS TO CLEAR

Liquidation Stock

5/9 POST 1/-

Having purchased an entire factory stock of musical instruments, we are able to make this truly amazing offer of complete drum sets, comprising large bass drum, brass bound, with real skin and five adjusters, strong, automatic flyback foot-beater, real skin side-drum, hard-wood tap-box, brass cymbal, triangle and cowbell, also pair well-balanced drum-sticks. Immediate dispatch of whole outfit completely boxed at the incredible clearance price of 5/9 only, postage 1/-. No party or amateur band is complete without this wonderful outfit, so send P.O. at once to

MAIL PRODUCTIONS, LTD. (Dept. J.B.J.S.7), 89-91, New Oxford St., London, W.C.1. (Open Xmas Eve)

Have your own cinema! WITH THIS Real Action MOVIE PROJECTOR

2/11

9.5 PATHE Films

Shows fine clear moving pictures, such as Popeye the Sailor, Buck Rogers, Betty Boop, Felix the Kat, etc., etc. Non-inflammable. No electric mains required. Absolutely self-contained. Complete with film, battery, screen and full instructions. Enormous purchase from the Hollywood Cinematograph Manufacturers, these Splendid projectors are offered at amazing price of only 2/11, post and packing 7d. Immediate dispatch. Extra films 9d. each. OPEN XMAS EVE.

MAIL PRODUCTIONS LTD. (Dept. J.B.P.3), 89 91, New Oxford St., London, W.C.1.

HAWAIIAN UKULELE BANJO

FREE UKULELE BANJO TUTOR with every order!

3/9 POST 9d

DRASTIC PRICE REDUCTION.

These beautiful instruments are marvellous value and are offered to the public at ridiculous price of 3/9 as result of disposal of a huge purchase: therefore this offer cannot be repeated. In highly polished Satin Walnut finish with brass-fretted fingerboard, first quality vellum. Amazingly sweet Banjo tone. An hour or so only required for a novice to master it with the FREE TUTOR. Send P.O. 4/6 to-day to avoid disappointment. Immediate despatch.

MAIL PRODUCTIONS, LTD. (Dept. J.B.U.6), 89 91, New Oxford St., London, W.C.1.

OPEN XMAS EVE.

Positively the greatest Bargain ever offered to the DEAF

"Size of a Sixpence Ear-phone" (no battery) offered this week for 25/-. Previously sold at £7-7-0. The greatest little deaf-aid ever designed. No Batteries—No Wires—No Other Parts—No Renewals—Absolutely Invisible. Amazing Power. Never before has such a bargain been offered to the Deaf.

This Week 25/- only

Previously £7-7-0

30 DAYS' FREE TRIAL

SEND NAME AND ADDRESS for 30 days' FREE TRIAL. Send now. D. & J. Hill, Ltd., Dept. V. 245, Oxford Street, London, W.1 (over Oxford Circus Tube Station). Hours 10 to 6, Saturdays 10 to 1. *Supplied under National Health Benefit.*

ALL FREE

What a Gift Offer! Think of it—a double-bladed Pocket Knife with mother-of-pearl handle, a self-filling Fountain Pen with 14-ct. gold-plated nib and Propelling Pencil to match, bound morocco silk Memo Book, white rubber Eraser and Pocket Telescope which shuts to 2 in. All these complete in presentation case with velvet background. Besides these there is a Gift Offer of a Fine Pocket Watch. All absolutely FREE to introduce our famous 3-hole type Sheffield Steel "Multi Life" Razor Blades. Just buy one packet of 12 blades for 1/6 including postage. Money refunded if blades not equal to any 4d. blade. Send P.O. 1/6 today—no more to say. Immediate dispatch. OPEN XMAS EVE.

MAIL PRODUCTIONS, LTD. (Dept. J.B.F.C.16), 89-91, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

LASTING WAVES ALL OVER THE HEAD WITH THIS NEW WAVER & SETTER

Post 3d. **1/6**

A limited number offered at only 1/6, post 3d.

A "once in a lifetime" opportunity to cut "Perm" and "setting" bills and obtain glorious, natural wavy hair. This famous Waver scientifically and automatically sets the hair into any desired depth of lasting waves. It CANNOT FAIL even on absolutely straight hair, if you follow the simple instructions. No hot irons, electricity, danger or fuss—get a full wave at home in half an hour! Comfortable to use, washable, will last for years.

IMMEDIATE DISPATCH. OPEN CHRISTMAS EVE.

MAIL PRODUCTIONS, LTD. (Dept. J.B.E.W.21), 89/91, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

SALE PRICE WRIST WATCH REAL GOLD PLATED

WARRANTED 10 YEARS

4/11 POST 6d

ANOTHER COLOSSAL PURCHASE of closing factory's entire stock enables us to offer this genuine lever lady's real gold-plated expanding bracelet watch—made for Australian market to be sold at a much higher price—direct from us at a price we expect valuers know to be a world-wide achievement, ranking us as the British House for Amazing Bargains. 4/11, post 6d. Warranted 10 years. Gent's square model same price. Send NOW. Immediate Dispatch. OPEN XMAS EVE.

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Proof: Beginner Pupil, 40300, Age 25 — I play now as I wished to play when I first started the Course and I am more than satisfied.

Send for free booklet, "Mind, Muscle and Keyboard," and form for free advice. Say if Advanced, Moderate, Elementary, or Beginner.

Dr. H. BECKER (Dept. 481), 69, Fleet St., London, E.C.4

FILL YOUR GLASSES THIS CHRISTMAS WITH CHOICE WINE FROM BRITAIN'S OWN VINEYARD AND LET HAPPINESS AND WEALTH ATTEND YOU

AUSTRALIAN WINE

HURRY! ONLY A FEW MORE DAYS

JOHN BULL'S GREAT XMAS GIFT TO YOU!

DON'T let 1938 come to an end without securing "John Bull's" sensational Gift offer. Take advantage of this last minute opportunity to obtain a superb Writing Set for yourself or a friend. Your Gift Vouchers are here—one worth 2/9, the other worth 7/6—attach one or both to Gift Coupon and post to-day.

John Bull Xmas Gift Voucher — 2/9

This Gift Voucher will be accepted as 2/9 in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/6 Writing Set. Only one Voucher will be accepted in part payment of each Set. Valid until 31st December, 1938.

No. A 61136

A FREE 2/9 GIFT VOUCHER

The Gift Voucher above will be accepted as 2/9 cash in part payment of "John Bull's" 5/6 Writing Set. The raven-black Pen, handsomely chased, with its graceful streamline effect, delights the eye. It has the latest lever self-filling device. The 14-carat solid gold nib is tipped with iridium. The "Ever-pointed" Pencil, fitted with a propel-repel-expel movement, matches the Pen, and is complete with "Safety" pocket-clip and extra leads. The Presentation Case gives the finishing touch.

John Bull Xmas Gift Voucher — 7/6

This Gift Voucher will be accepted as 7/6 in part payment of the "John Bull" 12/6 Writing Set De Luxe. Only one Voucher will be accepted in part payment of each Set. Valid until 31st December, 1938.

No. B 61136

A FREE 7/6 GIFT VOUCHER

The Gift Voucher above will be accepted as 7/6 cash in part payment of "John Bull's" 12/6 Writing Set De Luxe. The Pen has three inlaid bands of 18-carat ROLLED GOLD; a large nib of 14-carat SOLID GOLD with a tip of costly iridium; the latest lever self-filling device and a "Safety" pocket-clip. The "Ever-pointed" Pencil has two inlaid bands of 18-carat ROLLED GOLD, foolproof propel-repel-expel movement, "Safety" pocket-clip, eraser and extra leads. The Pen and Pencil are exquisitely chased. The Presentation Case is beautifully coloured with a Pearl and Butterfly effect.

ALL BRITISH MADE.

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To "John Bull" Pen Dept., 134-135, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

(1) I enclose Gift Voucher value 2/9, which please accept in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/6 Writing Set. I enclose P.O. for 5/9 plus 3d. for postage and insurance, making 6/- in all.

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(2) I enclose Gift Voucher value 7/6, which please accept in part payment of the "John Bull" 12/6 Writing Set DE LUXE. I enclose P.O. for 5/- plus 3d. for postage and insurance, making 5/6 in all.

(1) Fine. Medium. Broad. Oblique. } Cross out grades of nib NOT required. { (2) Fine. Medium. Broad. Oblique.

If you desire BOTH SETS send the two Vouchers and a Postal Order for 8/- only.

NAME.....
FULL POSTAL ADDRESS.....
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Write clearly in Block Letters.

J.B., 24/12/38.

Cross Cheque or Postal Order /& Co./ and make payable to "John Bull."

He's examined them all . .

. . . but found Bondman the coolest smoke of all

The man who enjoys his work is often the man who enjoys his pipe — and especially the cool, restful smoke that Bondman gives him.

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10D PER OZ. · EMPIRE BLEND

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Richard Lloyd & Sons (Branch of Cope Bros. & Co. Ltd.), Bondman Corner, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.1

£120 in CASH PRIZES FREE!

7 separate prizes of £20 each must be won in a free, simple and fascinating competition of "Fitting Phrases," which appear on pages 12, 14, 16, 23, 25, 27 and 29. All you have to do is to place seven phrases which, in your opinion, most aptly apply to each of the seven advertisements on each page. Simple, isn't it? No entrance fee! And two free coupons on each page to enable you to enter — 14 in all! Coupons from all pages can be enclosed in same envelope (sealed 1½d. stamp).

Send in your entries NOW! Get all the family to help!

Turn to Pages 12, 14, 16, 23, 25, 27 & 29.

at Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.
Thursday, for week ending
Saturday, December 24, 1938.

JOHN BULL

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

AND NOW SALUTE THE HAPPY MORN!

MERRY Christmas to all our readers! That's JOHN BULL's heartfelt wish.

It's been a trying year. But we've much to be thankful for. Good ground, too, for hope.

The crisis is behind us. We shall spend Christmas in peace. And the New Year will see fresh efforts by our statesmen to put that peace on a secure and lasting foundation.

Drink to Peace!

So on with the fun! Let Santa Claus wear his brightest smile. Bedeck the Christmas tree. Light the candles. Hang up the decorations, the holly, the mistletoe. Serve the plum-pudding. Pull the crackers. Fill your glasses, and drink to peace and good will!

Christmas comes but once a year, but when it comes it brings good cheer! That's the old chorus. Keep it up! Let young and old rejoice!

Family Festival

The festival of family life! From the Royal Family to the humblest in the land, Christmas is the season when kith and kin unite in affectionate celebration.

This had been brought home to us by the inspiring broadcasts from Sandringham of King George V. Some disappointment perhaps that our present King will not address his peoples this Christmas Day.

"Safety crossings"—but who knows the rules for using them?

The King's Broadcast

But His Majesty indicated last year that he would not necessarily broadcast every Christmas. Regular broadcasts each year might, it is suggested, seem to become a routine and diminish in value.

However, though the King will not address his peoples at Christmas, he will do so on Empire Day—from Canada.

Mighty Link

An historic occasion: the first broadcast by a British Sovereign from outside the Mother Country! And a wise decision on His Majesty's part.

The King is as much King of the Dominions as he is of the Mother Country. For obvious reasons he must dwell mostly in our midst. But right that he should feel equally at home in all parts of his Empire.

Much talk lately of what holds the Empire together. Economic interest, say some. Defence needs, cry others. But perhaps the strongest link is a common respect and affection for the Royal Family.

Missing Jack Tars

Britain rules the waves! So we've always sung. But if we're to go on doing so, we must help Britain's merchant shipping, and do it quickly!

Fleet short of men in the recent crisis. Alleged reason: plight of mercantile marine.

In the New Year a recruiting drive starts for civil defence. But those who are to help in A.R.P. can be quickly taught.

Keep that Bulldog

Not so the men who man the Navy—the Empire's first line. They take years to train.

The Navy's reserve are the men who sail the seas year in and year out in merchant ships. Help merchant shipping and ensure the Navy's manpower supplies.

Keep the bulldog breed alive!

Remedy

Shipping is not the only form of transport that cries for help. Railways seek it, too.

Give us, they call, freedom to charge what rates we choose for the carriage of goods.

But, as JOHN BULL has pointed out, railways can't be considered alone. Road transport, coastwise shipping, internal air lines—all have a right to live, and the nation a vital interest in keeping them alive. Canal companies, too, are saying: What about us?

We stand by our solution. Unify the railways! Then co-ordinate all forms of transport!

Welcome Call

Modern transport has shortened distance. But has it brought peoples closer in heart and mind?

Proposals that the League of Nations and the International Labour Office should lop their budgets by 20 per cent. Sad that these great organs of international co-operation should have to cut their activities.

But the way to build friendship between nations is by personal contact. Representatives of sixteen countries have just been conferring in Brussels on how workers can best spend their leisure. A welcome call there for more holiday interchange between people of different countries!

Drive for Safety

Modern transport makes it easier to span oceans. But harder to cross the road. Pedestrians' Association has just started a nation-wide drive for better observance of pedestrian crossings.

Excellent, if we knew what "observance" meant. But even three Lords Justices of Appeal the other day each gave different versions of what to do.

Place and mark your crossings better, Mr. Burgin. Give us easier rules for using them. Then punish all who disobey. That's the way to secure "observance"!

Doctors Differ

Controversy in Manchester between private doctors and City Health Department. Complaint that a mother, attended by a private practitioner, was urged by City Health Visitor to take her child to a Welfare clinic.

Private doctors claim that general practitioners more efficient because they know the needs of individual families.

JOHN BULL takes no sides in this controversy. But scandalous that such clashes should be possible. Establish a unified national health service. Stop quarrelling over pain. Unite to heal!

Last Chance

Give yourself a Christmas present to which the State will contribute and which may last you for years! Thousands with restricted means who are outside ordinary health and pensions insurance are entitled to join the Government's voluntary old age, widows' and orphans' pensions scheme.

But after January 2 no applicants over forty will be accepted, and those under forty will have to pay higher rates.

So if you haven't already done so, go to the post office at once and get your application form. You won't get this chance again!

Important to Readers

WE take this opportunity to urge all our readers not to miss next week's issue of JOHN BULL.

Full particulars will be announced of something that is tremendously vital to every breadwinner, his wife, children and home—it's JOHN BULL'S Great Free Family Insurance Gift for 1939.

Present Registered Readers will be automatically qualified for the benefits for 1939 without having to re-register, unless, of course, they have changed their address or newsagent.

Throughout next year JOHN BULL, under its Free Family Insurance Gift for 1939, will once again be the bulwark of its readers in their times of misfortune.

As in the past, so in the future, JOHN BULL will be the family's charter of protection—a security gift that is unique in weekly newspaper Free Insurance.

Don't miss next week's issue of JOHN BULL containing our announcement.

Give them Justice

Spare a thought at Christmas for the sick and maimed! Remember especially those doomed to suffer through life from the effects of war. A new scheme just outlined to help crippled ex-Servicemen.

A register of those out of work, better efforts to place them in suitable employment, adequate pensions for those permanently incapacitated. One Government Department to be solely responsible for the future of all war-disabled men.

A modest scheme. And it's a plea not for charity, but for justice. JOHN BULL commends it to the Government.

Weather Wisdom

Still brighter London parks next summer. More music. More open-air dancing.

So if this is a snowy Christmas, you can look forward to that. If Christmas is fine, save your winter clothes for summer—you'll probably need them!

New Year—New Era

Another item of London news that we'd like to be followed up by all our towns and cities. A second tunnel under the Thames at Blackwall is to be built. Cost, £3,000,000.

Build more! New roads, docks, bridges, power stations. New model towns. In a word, rebuild Britain!

Take men from the misery of the "dole" and at the same time increase our real assets. Let the New Year usher in a new era!

A Happy Christmas to All Our Readers!

- ***Not Guilty—but Punished!***
- ***More Work, Less Pay***
- ***Sea Slaves***

VOICE of the PEOPLE

WHAT does a Bench mean when it dismisses a case on payment of costs?

If it means that he is guilty, why should it discharge him?

If he is innocent, why should he pay the costs?—R. J. Johnson, Coronation Terrace, Longhorsley, Morpeth.

Magistrates themselves disagree as to whether a dismissal on payment of costs should be recorded by the police. Many Benches will "dismiss" a case in this way because the case is trivial and the defendant has gone to great trouble to appear.

The 2-Pay Way

Two pick-and-shovel gangs worked side by side in a Lincolnshire lane.

The men in one gang dug for the local authority at 8d. an hour; the others for the G.P.O. at 1s. 1d. per hour.

The lower-paid men excavated stone—the others soft earth!—C. E. A., Lincoln.

As many as four different rates have been paid for similar work when the local authority, private contractors and the various public utility concerns have all been working on a road at once.

Hard Boiled

I used to boil eggs in three minutes many years ago.

Now it takes anything from five to six minutes.

Can intensive methods of egg production be the cause?—J. Hulme, Croston Street, Bolton.

Says a poultry expert of 25 years' experience: It was never possible to boil an egg properly in three minutes. Time necessary depends on age of egg, temperature and time of year.

Now They Know?

How silly of the theatre industry to resign itself to defeat at the hands of the cinemas, as it is doing. I'll tell the theatres what is wrong:

In the majority of them you have to climb filthy stone stairs with a network of sewer pipes over your head. The lighting is miserable. Artistes become lost to view occasionally. With bad luck you yourself might be lost—behind a pillar. When the curtain goes up the draught is enough to blow your hat off.

And, as far as many of the provincial theatres are concerned, the programmes are atrocious. Theatres can more than hold their own if they make a real effort.—John Fawcett, 19, Clyde Street, Wilford Road, Nottingham.

Unhandymen

Men who are "handy about the house" can be a menace to the happiness of their fellows.

Their wives tell other wives of their skill in mending pipes, locks, windows, replacing fuses and tiles—and those women then expect the same standard of skill from their own menfolk.

As a man who simply hates tinkering and is expected to emulate the handyman next door, I say—why rob tilers, locksmiths and carpenters of their living?—T. W. S., Brixton.

Locksmiths, etc., don't mind the husband whose handyman efforts invariably turn a shilling repair into a five-shilling one.

State Scrooges

The State is in debt to at least *one* old woman to whom it pays a beggarly 10s. a week old age pension.

She lives not far from here—and is eighty-one.

When a friend of mine told her the other day what a wonderful woman she is to have pushed all her worries aside, she said:

"What! Me push my worries aside? I've never done that in my life. I've always tackled them."—M. M., Gilfach-Bargoed, Glamorgan.

The State is in debt to thousands of old people while it pays only 10s. a week for a lifetime of good citizenship.

North *v.* South

MR. J. HAMPTON, a Southerner, of Welwyn Garden City, writes:

"As a man who has spent years teaching young women and girls from the distressed areas to work in our factories in the South, I have decided that these people from the North lack something vital.

"They seem to have the same education as people down this way, but they lie down to things, accept them, are bowled over by the least reverse.

"Adversity makes the average Cockney youngster more alert, as if Nature is striving to key him up to acquire his natural wants. It is true in some measure of all Southerners—but not of people from the North."

AND W. B. L., Manchester visitor to London, retaliates with:

No matches except 'safeties.' Pedestrian crossings and subways jammed together at the same spots.

"No fish-and-chip shops. No pork shops—pork being merely a side-line in the general butcher's establishments. Beer differing in price between one public-house and another.

"Three different closing hours for licensed premises, with people trekking from one district to another to get a later drink.

"That's London—the London of 8,000,000 people, 7,000,000 of whom haven't even seen the world-famous sights of their City, 6,000,000 of whom won't even give you a 'Good-day.'"

Slaves of the Sea

I have just met a man who is so pale that I told him he needed a good long sea journey.

"Now, that's really funny," he said. "I'm a ship's engineer, and I'm just in from Australia!"—J. W. Edwards, 76, Sylvan Avenue, Wood Green, N.22.

Under conditions in the Mercantile Marine which we have often attacked many sailors see very little of the sea. We used to send sickly boys to sea to fill them out into giants. To-day, thousands of strong men have their strength sapped in the iron coffins that are called their quarters.

Open Secret

I have been told by a woman who was sent to an institution for mental trouble, and who was led by her friends to believe that she was going to an ordinary hospital, that she knew exactly where she was the moment she arrived.

It was printed on the cups, saucers and plates that were put before her!—Miss E. R. Chandler, Pitfield, Meopham, Kent.

Lunacy Board of Control discourages the display of the name of a mental hospital in any such way—and rightly.

Post Office "Pests"

I am one of the much-criticised Post Office girls. Maybe people will understand why we are sometimes short-tempered when I tell them this:

Post Office counters are rather wide, so that men who mumble into their pipes, or women who twitter into their handbags, are often not heard.

"Stamp, please," means nothing to us, as we sell 48 different kinds.

"Your signature, please," means initials as well as surname, which most people don't seem to understand.

Then, again, people *will* imagine that we try to make work for them—as, for instance, when we ask senders of foreign parcels to fill up a form. We don't make requests for our own amusement.—Miss H. J., London, S.W.

Yet some Post Offices are full of good-tempered girls while others have a reputation for churlishness.

"Mother makes the Christmas pudding." A picture which you might have thought of, but which Miss Iris Marsh, of Burnham-on-Sea, did think of—with very delightful results.

We want to know what you are thinking about, what you've seen or done. So write to the "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published and an extra 10s. 6d. if we use your own drawing or photograph illustrating the letter.

And there are other pages where you can help us to help you.

Sir Wyndham Childs .... *Page* 13
Greatest of These— ..... *Page* 17
Human Documents ..... *Page* 22
True Story ..... *Page* 26

Yuletideas

THERE are six people in my family, and as we each give the others a Christmas present, 30 gifts are exchanged.

This year we have decided to include a florin with each gift, and with the coins will go the name and address of some poor family.

Two shillings on a Christmas gift isn't a lot—but our scheme means £3 to make Christmas brighter for people who are having a thin time. Why not try it?—D. C., Uxbridge.

★

POLICEMEN are supposed to know a lot—but not as much as some people imagine.

For instance, my husband, a constable, was asked by a woman last week: "What ale do you use in Christmas puddings, pale or old?"—V. P., Welling, Kent.

★

MAKE a special effort to be pleasant to the people who will have to work on Christmas Day or Boxing Day.

That's a present it is in the power of every one of us to give!—A. J. C., Melton Mowbray.

★

BEWARE the youth who calls round about Christmas Eve with a heavy package from which hangs a turkey's head, and who says: "There's half-a-crown to pay. The gentleman who gave the order was half-a-crown short."

There's no body attached to that head.

I know, because several friends of mine were caught by the trick.—S. Marks, 11, Sandown Terrace, Liverpool, 15.

★

DON'T decorate yourselves or your rooms with cotton wool on Christmas Day unless you feel you must, lest tragedy befall.

If you insist on using cotton wool, soak it for a few hours in a solution of two gallons of water to a pound of alum.

It won't burn then!—A. P., Warbeck Drive, Blackpool.

OPTIMISM AND THE COURAGE TO PUT OUR TRUST IN REASON WILL ALONE BRING—

Peace on EARTH

"Peace on earth, good will to all men."

BOLDLY and loudly we repeat the grand old words. In the face of all the pessimists of the world, we cry them out.

Peace on earth. There shall be peace! **Good will to all men.** Good will shall conquer!

The poor old pessimists! If they had been in charge of things we should not be crying peace and good will. We should be too busy fighting.

Perhaps you never thought of it like that.

But think for a moment, and you will see it's the truth.

For how were we saved?

We were saved by a man who would not give up hope, not even when the last drop of light seemed to have drained from the sky.

We were saved by a man who never threw up his hands and said, "It's no good."

WE WERE SAVED BY AN OPTIMIST.

If Mr. Chamberlain had tried no more after he came back from Godesberg, war would have been inevitable.

But the Prime Minister tried again. A pessimist would not have done so.

Because he tried again, we celebrate our Christmas in peace. But for that last effort, we would not be celebrating Christmas. We would be observing it—in the thirteenth week of a world war.

YES, and thousands of families would be in mourning at this moment.

There wouldn't be so many family gatherings, either. Husbands and sons would not be there.

Nor would there be any fun going on in Piccadilly Circus. Because there would be no lights, except the flare of burning buildings.

Ugh, what a nightmare!

Don't spoil your Christmas even by thinking of it.

But if you hear some fool say that optimism is not "realistic," tell him that, but for a man's optimism, he wouldn't be sitting down to realistic turkey and gathering round a realistic Christmas tree.

He would be sitting in a realistic trench chewing some realistic tinned beef and waiting for a realistic bullet.

Instead, it is a happy Christmas of carols and children, of candles and kisses. Let's enjoy it.

But let us see, too, that the Christmas of next year is happy, too. Let us see that our children have happy Christmases all their lives through.

Oh, say the pessimists, that is absurd. War is coming. It has only been postponed.

FUDGE, WE SAY. WAR HAS BEEN AVOIDED ONCE. IT CAN BE AVOIDED AGAIN. IT CAN ALWAYS BE AVOIDED.

AND THE MORE OF THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT OF PEACE AND GOOD WILL WE CARRY INTO OUR CONDUCT TOWARDS OTHER NATIONS, THE MORE EASILY SHALL WE AVOID WAR.

Do you think of the forces making for war as something mighty and mysterious, something linked up with the destiny of nations, something beyond the comprehension of ordinary mortals like ourselves?

If you do, you are wrong.

WARS break out for exactly the same reason that quarrels break out in the street in which you live, or the factory in which you work.

They break out because men start to argue, and then they start to abuse one another, and then they start to hate one another, and then they start to fight one another.

Unless Governments begin to quarrel and to hate, they don't go to war. They are not such fools.

That is why we plead in this paper for international courtesy, for give-and-take, for understanding (even the understanding of evil), and for self-criticism rather than the criticism of others.

That is why we say that the propagandists who are never content unless they are making some other Government angry are gambling with the lives of us all.

Once again the waits are singing the grand old words. Let their message of fellowship and love be heard around the world

Ask yourself this. Is there a single Government in the world to-day so idiotic as to risk a world war about a single one of the differences which now stand between nations?

When the Germans had colonies, they bought from them one two-hundredth part of their total imports, and they sold them one two-hundredth part of their exports.

THEIR total German population was less than that of one quite moderate-sized German town.

Is the German Government, while it is in its senses, going to sacrifice two or three million young German lives, and a sum of money a million times greater than a hundred years of colonial profits, for the sake of getting them back?

Certainly not, if we on our side offer a fair discussion of all colonial problems.

Even more, is it going to make that sacrifice so that the Italians may have Tunis?

The Italian claims concerning the Suez Canal and the port of Djibuti are essentially commercial in nature, capable of business settlement.

Who is going to say that the way to decide whether a little slice of territory should belong to this nation or that is to slaughter twenty million people and impoverish the world for a generation?

No one, so long as we keep our heads.

The danger lies not in the problems themselves, but in the growth of hate and bitterness.

If it is merely a knotty problem which is the trouble, reason will win its way through.

But when the trouble is not the complexity of a problem, but the intensity of a hatred, then reason may well be impotent. The explosion will take place.

It is no accident that Christmas is regarded throughout the Christian world as not merely the season of love and forgiveness and good will, **but also of peace.**

It is no accident. For those are the qualities of mind and spirit which nourish, ensure and create peace.

They lead to peace in private life. They compose long-standing feuds. They dissolve family quarrels.

Have you ever known a man who, under the influence of the warm and happy Christmas spirit, made up some old quarrel?

"What a fool I was," he says, "to keep it going for so long. I got nothing out of it except discontent. It wasn't worth it for a minute."

That is what nations say after a war.

"Why did we do it?" they ask. "How did we come to be such fools? What have we got out of it but sorrow and suffering, cemeteries and poverty?"

AND even before the war is over, the wisest ones say: "If only somehow or other we could end this nightmare!"

THERE IS ONE WAY OF ENDING IT. THAT IS NEVER TO BEGIN IT.

THE TIME TO REPENT IS NOT AFTER THE MISTAKE IS MADE, BUT BEFORE.

"They are ringing the bells now," said Walpole, the great Premier, when people out of their senses forced him into war. "Soon they will be wringing their hands." And soon they did wring their hands.

So let us have confidence in human nature, let us spread the Christmas spirit, because it is the spirit of peace—so strong a spirit of peace that, at Christmas time, during the last war, the troops of both sides put down their arms and met in No Man's Land, and found they were brothers.

It was a moment of glorious sanity.

Enshrine it in your memory as you cry, "Merry Christmas and Happy New Year"—as you cry it across the table of your home and across the frontiers of the world.

COURAGE *in the* *Kingdom of the* BLIND

The blind can do most things. Here is Miss Agnes Wakeham, member of a rowing crew of sightless women

By Maurice Fagence,

One of John Bull's Special Investigators

I HAVE just been reading an Honours List for 1938.

I read how Mrs. Phoebe Matthews, a Maidstone woman, dragged burning furniture out of a blazing house and then put out the flames with buckets of water.

Next I learned that Harry Booth, who is in the Oxford University chess team, and who is scholar good enough to have been made Bachelor of Letters by that University, had climbed Hevellyn.

In sharp contrast was the story of Nettie Timmonds, who, partially paralysed though she is, and a sufferer from chronic arthritis, manages a 250-acre farm.

So varied were the first twenty achievements on that list that I turned back to read the foreword all over again—unable to trust my own memory.

There was no doubt about it! All the people about whom I had been reading are blind!

I began to wonder what stories lay behind all these crisp little accounts of triumph over handicap.

The new curate of St. Mark's, Kennington, for instance—the Rev. S. P Jones.

Let us forget, in face of something more remarkable, the doggedness he must have displayed in his studies.

Where did he get that happiness that draws people to his church to hear him blending sermon with sunshine?

G. A. Best, eighteen years of age, and one of the most brilliant students of the year in the whole of the British Empire—with a catalogue of Honours sufficient to make an Honours List of his own.

He has a brilliant mathematical brain. He can reel off theorems. Yet he has never seen a triangle in his life.

Walter Roberts, Wrexham's blind pantomime producer, has earned nearly £17,000 for charities with his Christmas shows. From the darkness that is blindness he produces transformation scenes.

S. R. Faulkner, of Liverpool, beat Dr. Alekhine, the world's champion, at chess this summer—and in 13 moves!

"Seeing" Hands

I can tell one little behind-the-scenes story about Albert Wright, champion pigeon fancier.

After he had been announced as winner of a Lincolnshire contest this year, he picked up a pigeon and ran a delicate hand over its feathers.

Then he knew what the sighted people around him didn't know—that the pigeon had been first home in last year's event. He alone had recognised it!

I read through hundreds and hundreds of items like that. What staggered me in particular was that so much of our B.B.C. entertainment is supplied by blind men and women—and children.

They write plays for us. Music. Poems. And more often than you think, theirs are the voices that put them over!

Rarely does the B.B.C. think it necessary to announce them as the blind this or the blind that.

Wireless enables them to "appear" before you and me as normal people—and it is as normal people, filling a normal rôle in the world's work, that each one of them wants to be regarded.

That is what is typical of all the blind people whose achievements I have quoted—of the great majority of blind people in the world of to-day.

They want to meet you, to work with you, as normal people.

Yes, there is a new spirit in the blind people of to-day.

There are in Britain 80,000 blind men, women and children—enough to people a town the size of Barnsley.

In these days when they want to be regarded as fellow-workers, and strive to reach that degree of efficiency at which you can well regard them as fellow workers, they are quite competent to run a town the size of Barnsley!

They go to Parliament, sit on Town Councils, run farms, manage big businesses, repair cars, pass shorthand tests and countless other exams., hew sculptures out of solid stone, win cookery prizes, fight their way up to the universities!

Are you going to pity them?

You will be doing them a great disservice if you do.

They cannot all be as proudly contemptuous of pity as blind Postmaster-General Fawcett, Louis Braille, Dr. Armitage, Sir Arthur Pearson, Sir Beachcroft Towse, Sir Ian Fraser, Helen Keller, and so many more of the pioneers who pointed the way to this new spirit of the blind.

One Obstacle

And the one obstacle along that path of progress is—pity.

But just as you mustn't believe that the blind live in a world of unadulterated darkness, you mustn't believe that they are surrounded by unadulterated light.

In other words, discredit that "sixth sense" talk. It is so much nonsense.

Sixth sense is no more than that added ability you get from a blind man when you teach him rationally—in other words, when you give him the help he needs.

And that is what the New Blind need—help. Help to be co-partners with you and me in a normal world.

A.G.G. IS ILL

READERS will be sorry to hear that our distinguished contributor, Mr. A. G. Gardiner, is suffering from a chill. Although, as he says, he is not seriously ill, his doctor has forbidden him to write his usual article for "John Bull" this week.

Mr. Gardiner's disappointment at this order is as keen as ours and yours; for it will interrupt a wonderful record.

Since he first wrote for "John Bull" sixteen years ago, not an issue has appeared until to-day without a contribution from him!

During those years he has built up a friendship with his readers which is probably unique in journalism to-day.

In countless "John Bull" homes he is regarded not only as a vigorous, internationally famous commentator on current affairs, but as a wise and staunch counsellor—almost a member of the family.

To all those homes he asks us to give his good wishes for a happy Christmas—and his assurance that he will be back as soon as he can dodge that doctor.

Listen-in at 8.50 on Christmas Night

DO you know there are thousands of blind men and women in this country who are deprived of enjoying the real thrill of Christmas—with not even a wireless set to put them in touch with the outside world, and to bring them the news and entertainment which would help to brighten their lives?

Lord Southwood is making a special appeal at 8.50 on Christmas Night in order that every blind man and woman can be provided with a wireless set.

Be sure to listen to this appeal and give as generously as you can.

HANNEN SWAFFER'S WHO'S WHO IN PANTOMIME

I Suppose I'll Go Again This Year . . .

Fay Compton as Dick Whittington proved in one night that she could enchant as well as any of the old-time principal boys

PERHAPS I was seven when I saw my first pantomime.

It was at Ramsgate, where some lifeboatmen had been drowned—as lifeboatmen often are drowned after getting a few shillings each time they have gone out to save other people's lives.

So they gave, at the local theatre, a charity performance to make sure that the widows did not starve too much.

I believe it was "Robinson Crusoe." But all that I really remember is crying when, half-way through, I was taken home to bed.

Well, since then, I have seen many pantomimes and slept without going home to bed. Even if my eyes were not closed, I was usually asleep—waking up every now and then to wonder, as everybody must at some time, why pantomime goes on.

It is the only form of entertainment which, in spite of its eternal popularity, everybody excuses. Parents say they go to please the children. Children say they go to please their parents.

Yet year after year, millions of people go to the theatre who, otherwise, merely go to cinemas. They see the same old stories Christmas after Christmas.

They used to listen to songs that they all knew because they had heard them on the halls or whistled by the butcher boy. Nowadays, they know them because they have heard them on the air.

I doubt if a new pantomime joke has been invented for twenty years.

THERE is to-day no universally talked-of comedian like Dan Leno, whose pantomime fame, although he appeared only in London, was nation-wide. There is to-day no outstanding principal boy or girl.

We used to gaze, with awe almost, at the giant stateliness of Alexandra Dagmar, Jessie Preston, Florrie Forde and the Sisters Levy, whose thighs were the wonder of Youth and the Admiration of Age.

These women were really handsome in a big sort of way. They strutted about as though they owned the earth—and Fairyland.

Their pictures were given away with cigarettes and sold as postcards. And they were as impressive as the Nelson Monument.

It has all changed now—and yet it goes on.

You would not believe it, but there are nearly two hundred pantomimes in the country! You would not think there were so many theatres left.

Fay Compton, who will be principal boy at Drury Lane, in the biggest pantomime of them all, does not follow in the old tradition.

She is not big. She is not statuesque. Her thighs would not embarrass anybody.

Yet she has something the old principal boys never had—very wide acting experience.

She started in the Follies with Pelissier, whom she married, and since then she has acted in everything—romance and comedy, Shakespeare and Barrie.

She had been married three times when, only eight years ago, at the age of thirty-six, she very nervously went on as Dick in "Dick Whittington" at the famed Palace, Manchester, and proved in one night that she could enchant as well as any of the old-time principal boys.

Mind you, not everyone can do it. Now and then a Marie Burke emerges. This year, Evelyn Laye will have a go. Pantomime is more difficult than it looks.

EDNA BEST, who after years of cleverness appeared as Cinderella at the Coliseum, two years ago, was very charming. But she found it hard to enter into the spirit of it all.

You have to believe it, I suppose—and that takes some doing.

Jill Esmond, a very competent actress, who was last year's principal boy at the Lyceum, could do it all but sing, which was not in her line.

They have to take them from the stage nowadays, you see. The supply that came from the music-halls has almost dried up.

Dorothy Ward, trained on the halls, is such a tall good-looker that she can beat almost all of them. Madge Elliott, who used to be merely a dancer, emerged two years ago as a principal boy and looked and was magnificent. Phyllis Neilson-Terry, on the other hand, was, oh! so Shakespearean.

Yes, principal boys have lost their dazzle. Perhaps it is that in the old days thighs were thought to be daring.

To-day, when women wear "shorts" and appear half nude in dance halls, legs don't matter any longer.

SO it is that the comedian has become the centre of everything. It is he who draws the big money. It is around him that, more and more, the whole thing centres.

George Formby is said to be the highest-paid comedian in pantomime. He gets perhaps £400 a week.

I don't know why he is thought funnier than other comedians. But there he is, getting £400 a week for a ukulele and a grin, one of the luckiest fellows in the world.

George Robey, you will be amazed to hear, goes back into pantomime this year at the Alexandra, Birmingham.

Although, in a few months, he will be seventy years old, George, I know, will be the talk of the Midland capital just as he was when first I met him in Birmingham nearly forty years ago.

In those days, the city in which George appeared in panto talked of him all the time he was there.

I REMEMBER in the small pantomimes in the old days how, when the comedian arrived at the first rehearsal, the poor chorus girls, who got 30s. a week, would faint with excitement.

"Look, he's arriving with his gags," one would say.

Really, all the poor mutt did was to say continuously something like "Are you there?" And then everybody would laugh.

Harlequinades have entirely disappeared. "Here we are again!" is never heard. There are no clowns.

"Traps," too, have gone. I mean the trap-doors through which a head would suddenly appear.

Nipper Lane, the greatest of all at this sort of thing, actually used to run nearly five miles during one of his trap-door performances!

"Transformations," especially, are not what they were. In the old days they lasted perhaps a quarter of an hour. Semi-transparent gauzes would go up, one after the other, revealing scene after scene, and there would be fairies by the score.

Now, usually, there is a staircase, down which all the artistes walk.

Well, I must go again this year, I suppose. I always do. . . .

The Human Machine

One Thing at a Time?

WHEN we look ahead, when we wonder and plan and scheme, we are apt to "think big."

Now, "thinking big" is no bad thing as long as it is controlled process.

But it becomes a danger if it causes us to forget the value of little things. We are all a little apt to think too fast and too far, all a little bit desirous to run before we have learned to walk.

Yet life is not made up of big things. It is made up of small things, out of which the big things grow.

"Little things!" said a famous writer. "Life and death, prosperity and ruin, happiness and misery, hang upon little things: they are like the linch-pin to the wheel, on which depends the safety of the vehicle: they are like the rudder to the vast mass which it guides: like the slender nerves to the bulky muscles."

"Those islands which so beautifully adorn the Pacific," said another, "were reared up from the bed of the ocean by the little coral insect which deposits one grain of sand at a time: so with human beings: the greatest results of the mind are produced by small but continued exertions."

"The influences of little things," said a third author, "are as real and as constantly about us as the air we breathe, or the light by which we see: these are the small—the often invisible—the almost unthought-of strands which are interweaving and twisting by millions to bind us to character, to good or to evil."

You can boil it all down by paraphrasing an old proverb and saying: "Take care of the minutes and the hours will take care of themselves. For if you do the little things well, you cannot fail to do well the big things when they come along.

"If your individual thoughts are right, your whole mental outlook is right. If each action is right, your whole character is right.

"If you despise little things you scorn your real interests. 'One thing at a time and that thing well' is still a reliable guide."

Exiled for Christmas, Far from Their Homes and Parents are—80,000 TRAGIC CHILDREN

WE look upon this week as the week of the children. It used to be called "The Festival of the Christ Child."

Once, centuries ago, there was a Children's Crusade—the blackest mark in the history of Christendom.

Thousands and thousands of children, some of them only five or six years old, set out from all parts of Europe to reach and open the holy city of Jerusalem.

They went to achieve what the iron men, the Crusader knights clad in shining armour, had failed to do.

And thousands of them died by the way.

To-day we have another Children's Crusade. Again it is driven forth by iron men.

And again they have a goal, just as distant, just as hazardous.

But it is more difficult to reach, for the heart of man may be harder than the walls of any city built of stone. . . .

Three weeks ago, 630 refugee children were marched on board a night train standing in a siding at a suburban station in Vienna.

Last Good-byes

They were the first of a batch, collected by the Society of Friends, to be brought into England and Holland, away from a country in which they can have neither home nor future, away from fathers, mothers or relatives.

Each lost and frightened child carried a soldier's water-bottle slung round its shoulders, and a numbered identity label was sewn on its clothes.

Two thousand relatives came to see them off.

Not one of them was allowed on the platform.

They said good-bye in the moonlit space outside the station. Mothers clung to the station railings long after the train had disappeared into the darkness.

This Christmastide, with our own children about us, let us remember these others, the lost children.

But not with empty indignation about the causes, the mentality of the people who have driven out this pitiful cavalcade.

All that is over and done with.

The politicians, in the fulness of time must wreak the change which is inevitable.

But there are nearly 80,000 of these children in Germany, Austria, and what was once Sudetenland.

20,000 Jews

Twenty thousand of them are "non-Aryan" — they have Jewish blood.

As for the rest, their homes have been smashed because they are Catholics or Protestants, or because of political reasons.

WHAT IS BEING DONE ABOUT THEM? WHAT CAN WE DO?

By Christmas Day there will be about 1,800 of these children in Great Britain.

Since that first batch arrived they have been coming in at the rate of five hundred a week.

The committee of a voluntary movement sponsored by Lord Samuel has been responsible for handling most of them.

One of the 80,000 child exiles having her first meal in the land that is to be her new home

There is no distinction of race or creed. Need is the only measure applied—the need of a child who might become homeless or starving, an outcast among other children, for reasons which it does not understand.

Held Hostage

Under a régime which will hold even children as hostages, helpers on "the other side" find their work made terribly difficult.

It is hard to secure releases, and, again, holiday camps and hostels which provide temporary homes for child refugees have only limited accommodation.

New children can get admittance only when the first-comers are absorbed into private homes or other hostels in this country.

So far, the tragic children which Britain has helped have cost the Government nothing, except the trouble of making out permits and organising medical examinations.

Nor are they likely to cost the Government anything.

The bill for their upkeep is paid by organisations like the great refugee committee presided over by Lord Baldwin.

And remember that no child, grown to manhood, will ever be allowed to work in this country, and so menace the possible livelihood of a Briton.

Once they are old enough to earn a living they will have to go to some other younger country, to make their futures.

Those are the conditions under which these children come here. They cannot be a burden to us, either now or in the future.

The aim of those who are bringing them out of the nightmare lands is that, during the years of their childhood, they may at least live the lives of children. That, in all Christian charity, they may find here the home and education which is at present denied them.

IS THAT TOO MUCH TO ASK?

One point should be made. There is no question of Britain providing shelter for all the 80,000 children.

At the moment the organisers of this child migration movement are in touch with the twenty-seven countries who are members of the Inter-Governmental Committee on Refugees.

Still Hoping

Most of these countries will take their quota of children.

If all did that, there would be no problem. The average would be fewer than 3,000 for each country.

But, unfortunately, there are snags. Some are sentimental; some financial.

Finally, there is the possibility, ever present in the mind of the mothers of these children, that there might be some change in the régime under which the family would be reunited.

The North Sea is not so broad as the South Atlantic. . . .

So, we are driven back to face the fact that, if we are to fulfil the rôle which our ideals lay down for us, we must, as a neighbouring State, take a larger proportion of these homeless children than the more remote countries.

How are we going to do it? What *must* we do?

A few days ago 1,500 people in Manchester pledged themselves to do all in their power to alleviate the sufferings of victims of religious and racial persecution abroad.

In Sunderland a meeting of all religious denominations has decided to embark on an adoption scheme for refugee children. The Mayor, Councillor Wayman, hopes to place 100 in homes in that district.

Offers of Aid

Those offers can be and are being repeated a hundredfold throughout the country.

And the more communities which offer aid, the more certain the ending, the more certain the solution to this problem of the tragic children.

What are even a half of these children among our 12,000,000 homes, our innumerable hostel organisations?

And again, local authorities, particularly the education committees, which we had begun to believe were constructed entirely of dried red-tape, have been as willing to help as any citizen group.

Scores of them have offered all their educational and welfare facilities to any refugee children sent to their areas.

Now we must weld all this good heart and willing endeavour into a working organisation.

What are wanted in every area are Guardian Committees which would take over the proper placing of the children in homes.

The ideal is to place each child, as far as possible, in the background from which it came.

Catholic and Protestant children would go to homes of those denominations; middle-class and artisan children to similar homes.

Shall they Suffer?

Where home adoption could not be arranged, many would go to hostels or institutions, and the rest to paid "foster-homes."

Money is forthcoming for this purpose. It must be used.

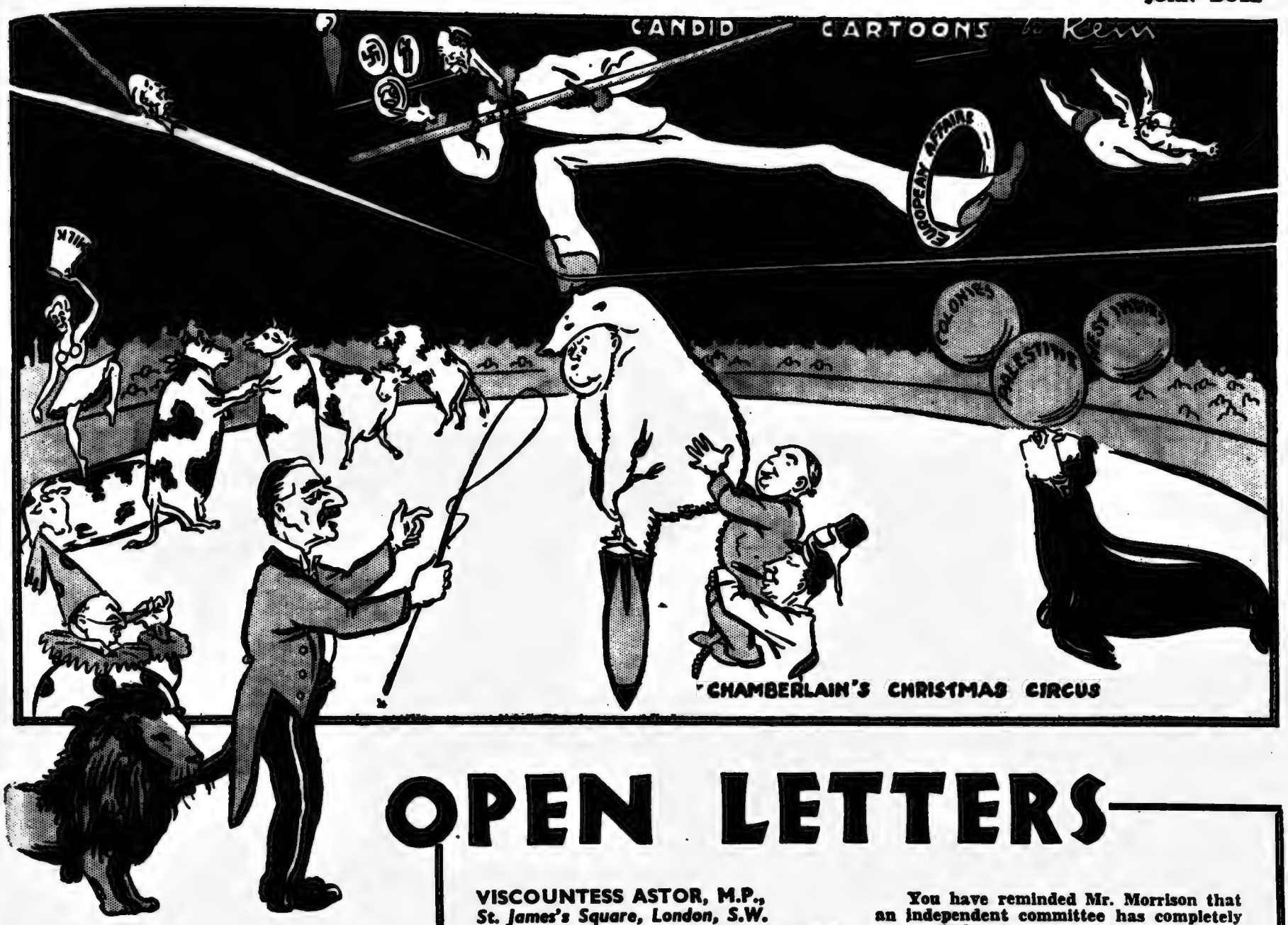
For the adult refugees there is vast diplomatic machinery at work—powerful League of Nations organisations and other Committees almost without number

The plight of the exiled men and women is tragic enough, but soon the weight of all this pressure—economic, political and otherwise—will operate to alleviate their condition.

But the little children . . What of them?

Two thousand years ago, He whose festival we celebrate this week said, "Suffer little children to come unto Me."

Are we who sit in peace and freedom round our Christmas firesides to turn away little children who come to us suffering and alone?



OPEN LETTERS

Rt. Hon. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, M.P., *Prime Minister*

DEAR PRIME MINISTER,—Complaints are still being made of your speech at the Foreign Press Association, which the Germans boycotted because they didn't like some of the things you said.

JOHN BULL liked very much almost all the things you said. It was a fine and moving speech.

You proclaimed your faith in democracy, you said that Britons never would be slaves to any Government or any man or any system or any idea.

You said that no difficulty would crush your determination to secure peace for the world.

But tell me, do you really think it was wise to choose *that particular moment* to single the German newspapers out for criticism and to suggest that one day the present German régime will pass away?

In the House of Commons or on the platform you may say that. You were bound some time to defend Lord Baldwin, your old chief, against the monstrous attack made on him,

But the point is that you were the guest of the Foreign Press Association, that a large section of its members are German, and that you did not criticise any others of your hosts save your German hosts.

You are a busy man. You probably just didn't think of it that way. But it was a bit of bad luck for your own policy, wasn't it?—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. OLIVER STANLEY, M.P., *President, Board of Trade*

DEAR SIR,—It's the merriest Christmas for years, if only because of our relief that peace has been preserved.

But in countless homes it won't be so happy as it should be. Textile workers, miners, builders, engineers and factory operatives are losing two days' pay—£10,000,000 will be missing from their Christmas stockings.

Why have you not brought pressure to bear on the employers to avert this serious loss to trade and dampening of the holiday festivities?—JOHN BULL.

Mr. PERCY BIOTT, *Governor, Darlington Memorial Hospital*

DEAR SIR,—No joke, is it, that "Are you ready to die?" tracts have been given to very ill patients.

Mind you, your hospital is not the only one to be afflicted by religious visitors who, though meaning well, are often a dangerous nuisance.

But I have not heard a worse case than that of the parson who told a dying boy inmate that "God wouldn't help him" because he did not attend Sunday School.

If that parson calls again, tell your porter to kick him out.—JOHN BULL.

VISCOUNTESS ASTOR, M.P., *St. James's Square, London, S.W.*

DEAR LADY ASTOR,—If you ever shock Parliament and delight the public by standing on your head in the august House you enliven, your attitude will not be nearly so remarkable as that which distinguishes our Minister of Agriculture.

For Mr. Morrison keeps up his topsy-turvy position month in and month out, and often manages to talk double-dutch as well.

While hosts of people need more food he decrees that less food shall be grown.

While young men desert the land in fast-increasing armies he cheerfully sets up a few more Boards to control our dwindling larder.

Though, in a single week, we have imported a thousand tons of potatoes, one Lincolnshire farmer alone has been ordered to throw away 2,500 tons lest the market should be flooded!

You have reminded Mr. Morrison that an independent committee has completely surveyed the state of agriculture and produced a plan that would really restore the industry to prosperity.

You might have mentioned that I have urged a similar plan in these columns.

Mr. Morrison is not interested—or perhaps it would be fairer to say that the Cabinet is not interested.

So, instead of lessening unemployment, improving the nation's health, strengthening our security, we go on adding piecemeal measures to an already crazy structure.

You, I hope, will go on letting your voice be heard in criticism of this stupid, timid, dangerous muddle. Fortunately, yours will not be the lone voice even from the crowded Government benches.

Above all, I trust that you and your fellows will revolt before agriculture is past saving.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. BEN TILLETT, *Veteran Trade Union Leader*

DEAR BEN,—What, still fighting? You began with a bare-fist slogging at the age of eleven, kept off the gloves in your long struggle for the dockers' rights, and now—at seventy-eight—have dealt a sharp uppercut to the British Board of Boxing Control.

And I'm glad.

You deplore the shame I have exposed—the shame that thousands of boxers are ruined by internal injuries and punch-drunkenness before they are twenty-five.

And you are indignant, like myself, that the B.B.B.C. is doing little to end the racket responsible for these dreadful conditions. Now deliver the knock-out, Ben!—JOHN BULL.

The COMMITTEE, *Pembroke Poor Law Institution*

GENTLEMEN,—This being the season of good will, I shall not express my thoughts of you.

Rice pudding has been removed from your inmates' menu "because the war in China has doubled the price of rice." Yet the wholesale price works out at less than 1½d. a pound.

Tell me, what sort of Christmas pudding are you planning for the old folk—one made of sawdust?—JOHN BULL.

Dr. EDITH SUMMERSKILL, M.P., *Harley Street, London*

DEAR DOCTOR,—Many wives are no better off than unpaid servants—that's a fact the most curmudgeonly husband cannot deny.

It is not only undignified but unfair that a woman must ask her husband for every penny she needs for personal expenses, or try to squeeze it from the housekeeping budget.

Your remedy is wages for wives. While supporting the principle, I prefer the word "allowance." But the real trouble, you know, is that in many households the breadwinner's income is too low to permit even the scantiest allowance for the wife.—JOHN BULL.

£20 MUST BE WON FITTING PHRASES NO ENTRANCE FEE

On this page are reproduced seven advertisements and a series of descriptive phrases. Which phrase do you consider best applies to each advertisement? A prize of £20 will be awarded to the reader who on either form submits the correct or nearest correct placing of the seven phrases in the most appropriate manner as decided by the Advertisement Director of "John Bull." In the event of a tie the prize of £20 will be equally divided. The prize of £20 must be won. THERE IS NO ENTRANCE FEE—all that you have to do is to study carefully the advertisements and the phrases on this page. Each advertisement has a LETTER in the top left-hand corner and each of the phrases is NUMBERED. On the Entry Form below indicate in INK the way in which the seven phrases in your opinion apply most aptly to each of the seven advertisements by writing PHRASE NUMBERS in the blank spaces underneath the LETTERS on Coupon. No phrase may be used more than once. No correspondence will be entered into. Send your entries in an envelope sealed (1½d. stamp).

CLOSING DATE:
Wed., Jan. 11th, 1939.
The name of the winner or winners will be announced in "John Bull" issue published Thursday, Feb. 9.

FIT THESE PHRASES—ENTER ON COUPONS BELOW

1. You may pay more—you won't do better.
2. You can't do better than try it.
3. They all come back for more.
4. To be so popular it must be good.
5. Goes further—lasts longer.
6. Worthy of its reputation for economy and quality.
7. Everybody's Favourite.

ADDRESS ENTRIES:
Fitting Phrases, "John Bull,"
57-59, Long Acre,
London, W.C.2.

Enter also for £20 Prizes on other pages—all entries may be included in same envelope.

A

CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH

C.B.

It's the DAILY POLISH that keeps shoes *smarter*

CB/LB/12

TINS: 2½d., 4½d. and 6d.

B

A reviving brew
And Dividends too!

Brooke Bond Dividend Tea

8½d. per ¼lb.

You get 5/- dividend every time you fill up a Brooke Bond Dividend Card with coupons from the packets

C

'I FEEL BETTER IN ONE MINUTE after WINCARNIS' the 'No-Waiting' TONIC

No more long, hopeless weeks of waiting to feel well again—here's a real tonic, with 20,000 recommendations from medical men, that AT ONCE gives you back Electric Health, Happiness, Vitality, Popularity! Buy a bottle of Wincarnis now. Take a wineglassful immediately; another before your husband comes in. The rich, RE-VITALISING beef and malt extracts soak into your blood AT ONCE! In less than 1 minute you will feel stronger, more radiant. You will greet him with a smile—and spend an evening of happiness, not dullness! Keep on with Wincarnis and INDIGESTION, 'NERVES,' HEADACHES, WEAKNESS, TIREDNESS, DRAB LOOKS will go—taking with them the barriers to Love in your home! To feel gloriously healthy and happy to-day get Wincarnis NOW.

2/3 and 5/6 a Bottle.

D

Look smart!

In bottles and tubes 1/-

Larger bottles 1/6, 1/9, 2/6

BRYLCREEM *your hair, too!*

The County Perfumery Co., London, N.W.10 C.339

E

Which Tooth-paste is SAFE?

The Bite Test will tell you.

Put your tooth-paste to the Bite Test to be sure it's *safe*. Grind a little between your front teeth. If there is the least trace of grittiness, beware. Gritty tooth-pastes help to wear away the 1/1,000th of an inch of enamel which is all that protects your teeth from decay at the gum-line. Don't take this risk. Change to Odol, the smoothest, finest tooth-paste you can buy. Get a 6d. or 1/- tube of Odol to-day, or send 1d. postcard for free sample, to Odol, Dept. J.B.7, Norwich.

Let's see your **Odol** *Smile!*

Odol can be obtained as Tooth-paste or Solid Dentifrice. There is also Odol Mouth-wash & Odol Denture Powder.

F

Ever-Ready CORRUX Blades for quicker, closer shaves!

5 for 1/8

Price does not apply in Eire.

REG. DESIGN NO. 866227 PAT. NO. 443262.

G

Take
Queems
HEALTH & LIVER SALT

THE SURE WAY TO GOOD HEALTH

SOLD ONLY IN BOTTLES
8oz (Family) 1/- & 4oz 7½d

OBTAINABLE FROM GROCERS · STORES CHEMISTS

A HEALTHY FAMILY IS A HAPPY FAMILY

£20 MUST BE WON!

Coupons for Section 1

Other Free £20 Contests appear on pages 14, 16, 23, 25, 27 & 29

1 FREE ENTRY FORM

Key Letters of Advertisements	A	B	C	D	E	F	G
Fill in the Key NUMBERS of the Phrases in the opposite spaces on the right.							

In entering this competition I agree to accept the decision of the Advertisement Director of "John Bull" as final and legally binding.

SIGNATURE .....

ADDRESS .....

(Section 1) Write clearly in ink.

1 FREE ENTRY FORM

Key Letters of Advertisements	A	B	C	D	E	F	G
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(Section 1) Write clearly in ink.

Sir Wyndham Childs' Special Dossier

Mr. Charles William Neville (right) at the luncheon given to celebrate the opening of the Ocean Hotel, Saltdean

Huge Financial Trust Disclosures

This Magnate Must Tell Us More!

CHARLES WILLIAM NEVILLE, massively built Canadian, who is the director of a score of companies, must have strange feelings when he sits at night in his mansion home, The Grange, Rottingdean, Brighton.

Not far away is the magnificent new £200,000 Ocean Hotel, Saltdean, latest venture of his financial group.

Almost as near, but in a different direction, is another hotel, which was also luxurious when it was opened by one of Mr. Neville's companies some years ago.

It is called the Peacehaven Shades. To-day its name is tragically appropriate, because it is only a shadow of its former self.

The walls are cracked, plaster hangs loose, some windows are broken, and sunken Italian gardens, tennis courts and bowling greens are overgrown.

As managing director, Mr. Neville goes to the grand new Ocean Hotel most days, and I often wonder whether he ever spares an hour or two in his busy life to look at what remains of the glory of the Peacehaven Shades.

If he did he would see that the little township of Peacehaven, which he sought to create round the hotel, is also languishing.

The roads are little better than cart tracks, with large, dangerous holes, many of the villas and bungalows are dilapidated and "For Sale" boards stand outside. Weeds flourish.

"Ghosts" of Past

Perhaps Mr. Neville keeps away from Peacehaven these days because it would take his mind back through the years to the ghosts of other schemes which he sponsored and boosted.

His companies have been, or still are, concerned with interests as wide apart as a school, egg farms, antique dealing, clubs and restaurants, water and electricity supply, brick-making and fruit-growing.

Quite £1,000,000 of public money must be involved in one way or another.

Until a short time ago the control of all these enterprises was centred in busy offices at 7, Pall Mall East, London.

Now headquarters has been removed to 46, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W., and there are flashing neon lights above the entrance.

It is the right setting for Mr. Neville, whose brain is always active, always planning new ways in which investors are assured they will make money.

But even here he must have sad moments if he looks back on the fate of some of his brightest ideas.

There is the vast Kinmel Bay estate, nestling a little way back from the North Wales coast, near Rhyl.

It was to be a great garden city, and the most attractive literature was circulated when the Kinmel Bay Land Co., Ltd., was floated in 1925.

Looking at the pictures in one brochure, I can almost imagine that I am sunning myself in one of the Italian gardens portrayed.

Then I glance at a report from one of my investigators who has just been there, and I shiver again.

It is another ghost, not quite as gaunt as its brother at Peacehaven, but just as tragic.

The glorious pictures in the brochure never came true.

Some houses were built, some people who thought there would be sure profits invested their money, and Mr. Neville's high-power salesmen were very busy for a time dealing in land plots.

Derelict

But in the end the company was wound up.

To-day, Kinmel Bay garden city remains unfinished, a rather drab collection of scattered dwellings, only some of which are occupied.

A large public school was built in Kinmel Park, but the company formed to run it was dissolved last year. It was another of Mr. Neville's ideas.

But long before these ghosts showed themselves, the bustling financier was painting visions of yet another garden city, this time near Old Coulsdon, in Surrey.

Tudor style was chosen for the houses erected there, and an extra attraction was a poultry-farming scheme.

It began with the same flourish as Kinmel Bay, but it, too, has joined the queue of spectres.

Poultry sheds are falling down. Many of the tenants have left in despair.

An even more ambitious scheme on the same lines was begun at Baldock, in Hertfordshire.

The village of Bygrave and the Manor House were included in the large area taken over, and a marketing association was formed to supply day-old chicks at eleven for 5s., and buy them back in two months at a minimum of 2s. each.

Lost Everything

In less than two years the plight of the tenants was such that the estate company took possession of their houses, and they were all turned out.

One of them, who lost everything, is now working as a road sweeper in the district.

Poultry equipment was sold by auction, and most of it was snapped up by the man who managed the estate for the company.

It was later transferred to Great Gaddesden, near Hemel Hempstead, where an egg-producing company was started.

So it goes on.

When plots have been sold on estates subsidiary companies have sprung up to build houses, supply water, electricity and other needs.

All kinds of other concerns are in the orbit of the group. I became nearly dizzy tracing them.

Mr. Neville looks a big, strong man of tremendous energy, but I am left wondering how he manages to keep track of them all.

He is not shown as a director of every one of them, but he is on the boards of a great many.

Apart from the Teck Lebel (Kirkland) mining syndicate, which for long seems to have been dormant, Mr. Neville really began operations with the South Coast Land and Resort Company in 1917.

Soon after the war big drums were beating the news of the garden cities that were to flourish on the cliffs near Brighton.

The whole country was made to talk about it.

Among the novel publicity methods was a competition to decide the best names for these new towns, which were to be the last word in modern construction and comfort.

Plots of land were offered as prizes and winners were asked to pay a three-guineas conveyance fee.

When criticism appeared in the newspapers, someone with a sense of humour came to light on Mr. Neville's staff.

A four-page pamphlet reproducing most of the criticisms was published with skilful comment by the company.

Quiet fun was poked at some of it, and there was a challenging declaration that they knew when they started the scheme they would be shot at from many quarters.

"This," it was stated, "is because we had instituted a new method of advertising in place of the now old-fashioned 'special trains, carriage drives round the estate, champagne luncheons and cigars.'"

All the same, Peacehaven ended up in a very old-fashioned shroud.

Since those early campaigning days Mr Neville's schemes have been largely centred in his most imposing organisation, the First Mortgage Co-operative Investment Trust.

There are other fairly large concerns like the Central London Property Trust, Ltd., and the Pall Mall Building Society, but the Trust seems to be the Big Parent.

Here it is that I am frankly lost in trying to keep pace with Mr. Neville's activities.

The Trust, registered under the Friendly Societies Acts, offers investors what it describes as an absolutely safe return of 6 per cent.

Its chief asset comprises investments, mortgages and loans entrusted to the network of companies in its own group.

The records of many of these firms scarcely suggest the complete security offered by the Trust in promising a dividend of 6 per cent.

Since the Trust is registered under the Friendly Societies Acts it does not have to furnish very detailed information about its financial transactions.

I suppose the Registrar of Friendly Societies must be satisfied, but the last balance-sheet up to November of last year leaves me puzzled.

An expert has tried hard to explain to me, but in the end he had to confess that it was as much a conundrum to him as it is to me.

No doubt Mr. Neville understands it all.

That, of course, is no reason why it should not be made much clearer to the investing public.

Shareholders in the Trust number many thousands, and they, I am sure, would welcome further enlightenment.

Criticisms

A few years ago the Marylebone magistrate strongly criticised the Trust for the way it kept its register of shareholders' names and addresses.

One shareholder was refused the right to make a copy of members' names and addresses, and on a second visit he was shown a list of members' names without addresses.

The magistrate, emphasising that a member had a perfect right to inspect all books and lists of members, declared that the Trust was at fault in not keeping more books.

It seems deplorable that a firm carrying on an investment business of this kind should not be registered under the Companies Acts, so that much fuller information about its transactions would be available in the ordinary way.

City editors, I notice, have more than once suggested that there should be a thorough investigation into the affairs of the Trust.

After poring over such records as are available, I feel that this suggestion is one which should be acted on without delay.

Public Benefactor

Mr. James B. Howden, of 60, Warriston Road, Edinburgh, receives the £1 1s. this week for important information which helps me in some enquiries I am making.

All readers can help in this most useful work. Mark your envelopes "Public Benefactor" in the top left-hand corner, and address to Sir Wyndham Childs, Investigation Dept., 92, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

£20 MUST BE WON FITTING PHRASES NO ENTRANCE FEE

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CLOSING DATE:
Wed., Jan. 11th, 1939.
The name of the winner or winners will be announced in "John Bull" issue published Thursday, Feb. 9.

FIT THESE PHRASES—ENTER ON COUPONS BELOW

1. You may pay more—you won't do better.
2. You can't do better than try it.
3. They all come back for more.
4. To be so popular it must be good.
5. Goes further—lasts longer.
6. Worthy of its reputation for economy and quality.
7. Everybody's Favourite.

ADDRESS ENTRIES:
Fitting Phrases, "John Bull,"
57-59, Long Acre,
London, W.C.2.

Enter also for £30 Prizes on other pages—all entries may be included in same envelope.

A

HER WASHING IS BEING DONE FOR HER

whilst she breakfasts; she has simply put the soiled linen in the copper to boil with Preservene Soap; after breakfast she will only have to rinse it and hang it out to dry.

PRESERVENE SOAP
CLEANSER, FOAM

B

MODERN MOTHERS
SAFEGUARD YOUR HEALTH

Wear a Corset designed especially for you and for you alone.

Incorrect posture and ugly lines can usually be traced to badly fitting corsets. In order to look and feel young, have a Spencer corsetiere make a special study of your figure, and ensure corsets that fit.

Spencer Corsets are washable and inexpensive and are recommended by over 30,000 Doctors throughout the world.

Write Spencer Corsets Ltd., Banbury, Oxon, for name and address of nearest Corsetiere, and be certain of obtaining a genuine

SPENCER
Individually Designed Foundation Garment or Surgical Support.
Offices at LONDON, GLASGOW, BIRMINGHAM, BRISTOL, LIVERPOOL, EDINBURGH, LEEDS & MANCHESTER.

C

GOOD! IT'S MASONS

Hear the shouts of joy when the brimming glasses appear—for MASONS WINE ESSENCES, Ginger, Orange, and Black Currant, are deservedly popular. Warming and stimulating, but non-alcoholic, they are just the thing for party festivities, or for driving out the cold of winter. All grocers and stores sell MASON'S WINE ESSENCES. Manufactured by Newball and Mason, Ltd., Nottingham.

D

COLDS and INFLUENZA are quickly cured by Cephos

Cephos Reg. THE PHYSICIAN'S REMEDY

SINGLE DOSE Powder or Tablets
From all Chemists and Stores in powder or tablet form 1/3 and 3/-
Proprietors: Cephos Ltd., Blackburn, Lancs.

2D.

E

of SORE THROAT

Don't court infection and illness when your throat feels sore. Gargle several times a day with equal parts of Sanitas and water. Many a bad attack of 'Flu or other illness has been prevented by this method.

SANITAS
THE SAFEGUARD ANTISEPTIC
6d. 1/- 1/6

F

JUST WRITE FOR CHRISTMAS

A very up-to-date Christmas present—a Remington Home Portable—just the thing to gladden someone's heart on Christmas morning. Weight only 11 lb., size 12½ by 12 by 5 ins., complete with case. Write for Booklet No. CC675, or apply to your local Dealer or Stationer. Remington Typewriter Co., Ltd., 100, Gracechurch Street, London, E.C.3.

REMINGTON
HOME PORTABLE
Assembled in Great Britain by British labour.
10/- Monthly or £9. 9. 0. cash.

G

Varnene Oil Varnish Stain gives a lasting high gloss to Floors, Furniture and all Woodwork. Will not readily chip or scratch. In Dark Oak and other beautiful shades. From Ironmongers, Oilmen, Grocers and General Stores.
Tins 6d., 1/-, and 1/6.

VARNENE THE FINER OIL VARNISH STAIN

V/VE/38

2 FREE ENTRY FORM

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Fill in the Key NUMBERS of the Phrases in the appropriate spaces on the right.							

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SIGNATURE .....

ADDRESS .....

(Section 2) Write clearly in ink.

£20 MUST BE WON!

Coupons for Section 2

Other Free £20 Contests appear on pages 12, 16, 23, 25, 27 & 29

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'Healer' Dupes Mother of Dying Boy

So long as Campbell confines himself to hypnotising rabbits on the music-hall stage, no one will worry very much. But his healing claims are dangerous nonsense

"DON'T despair, your son will live even should I give my own body," wrote Thomas Campbell, self-styled miracle man, to the mother of a sick child in Manchester.

Twelve days later the boy was dead.

But even then this sinister humbug was, in another letter, trying to tell the mother that her boy was not dead!

"I have a feeling that it was just a bad turn," he said, "because I have had three cases of his kind in London and they all took bad spasms."

Then came the cool request: "Please write by return and let me know how he is getting on."

I cannot remember a more barefaced exhibition of quackery than that revealed by this story.

The mother, a widow, who asks me not to disclose her name, called in Campbell while her sixteen-year-old son was being attended by a doctor.

An attack of scarlet fever had been followed by measles, rheumatic fever and kidney trouble.

The doctor was doing everything possible, but the mother, distracted by the thought that her son would die, wrote to Campbell, about whose "healing powers" she had heard.

Back came a telegram that he would visit the boy if she sent ten guineas by the next post.

She said she would pay him when he came, and she had to borrow the money at a heavy rate of interest.

Campbell, travelling from London, arrived at the house about 8 p.m.

He stayed only about twenty minutes, and all he did was to rub lard on the boy's chest, and tell his mother to give him garlic in milk and wrap blue silk round him.

Of course, he crowded a great deal of glib assurance about his supernatural powers into his short stay, told her the boy would not die—and then pocketed his ten-guinea fee.

The doctor was kept in ignorance of Campbell's visit.

About a fortnight later the widow, still clinging to every straw of hope, wrote to Campbell to say there was no improvement in her son's condition.

From then on she received from him a series of letters which reek with nauseating humbug.

Writing from Highbury Hill, London, N., where he then lived, Campbell, who has achieved some notoriety by a few hypnotic tricks, buoyed up the mother's belief that he could save her dying son.

Telling her to apply hot fomentations and bran poultices, he wrote: "Also give him a little brandy and, while doing this, tell him to pray to St. Theresa, as she is one of my most powerful spirit guides . . . in the meantime I will intercede with all my supernatural powers."

In another letter, oozing with sickly, sanctimonious phrases, he slobbered:

"I am as glad as if I had a hundred pounds in my hands to know the boy will live.

"I see a bright opening, and with open arms, I will always be a hundred times glad to meet you . . . show this letter to your boy and hold your hand against his heart. . . . I am with him either dead or alive (I mean this for myself) . . . kiss his head three times for me . . . as I write this I shed tears."

Later, when the boy had died and the mother realised Campbell's trickery, she asked him to return the money she had paid him.

* * *

When his most wicked bluff—the amazing statement that probably the boy was not dead—had been shattered by news of the funeral, he said he would go to Manchester and help the widow.

He pleaded he was hard up, but he hoped to have some money soon.

Then he made one more despicable attempt to play on her feelings.

"I was concentrating on your boy one day this week," he wrote, "and his spirit came to me. He seemed quite happy and reconciled, and he gave me a message for you not to worry or fret. He certainly is in a very high sphere in heaven.

"Also he says he is free from all earthly pain and worries and he wishes you not to worry."

By now the bereaved mother knew just how much reliance to place on this blatant nonsense, and she wrote sharply that her money must be returned.

She put her address on the back of the envelope, and her letter was returned with a note from a woman who said Campbell had left the flat, and that she was the new tenant.

"I have not the slightest knowledge as to where he has gone," the note added: "There are many letters I have to return to the post office."

* * *

After claiming a few freak cures, Campbell, I find, appeared on the music hall stage and gave displays of hypnotism.

If he stuck to the stage, no one would worry about him.

But when he professes to heal the sick and takes money from people like this Manchester widow, he is going too far.

I have had my eye on him for some time, and I consider he is one of the most dangerous charlatans in the country.

I warn everyone against consulting him.

Call His Bluff!

THE arch A.R.P. bluffer, who, signing himself A. B. Griffiths, has been writing to householders as "Area Controller of Reservations," has shown his hand.

A Bury, Lancs, reader who answered his official looking questionnaire, has received a request for an advance fee for booking paying guests in an emergency.

The letter, still headed A.R.P. Crisis Evacuation Offices, 10a, Station Road, Redhill, Surrey, impudently states: "I note you elect to receive four paying guests in preference to having billeted on you random evacuated families"!

It adds that to avoid confusion it is proposed to allocate the accommodation at once, and then the request is made for the payment of five shillings in respect of each guest booked.

The authorities know nothing at all about this man or his scheme, and I hope that by now it will have been possible for the police to have taken action.

Robbed Husband of £2,000

"IDA BUCKLEY," notorious adventuress, even included her husband among her dupes.

She tricked him of nearly £2,000, and then disappeared.

In the past four years she has been in jail five times for fraud and false pretences. Now the police are looking for her again.

Daughter of a farmer, she began life as a lady's maid. She held many good positions with titled families.

Then, in 1931, she began her criminal career by stealing jewellery.

She has gone on and on, ruthless in her deceptions, bringing ruin to the men she has duped. One was a clergyman, who imagined her to be a devout religious worker. She took £100 from him.

On one occasion she calmly opened a church bazaar while the police were searching for her!

Later, posing as the wife of an Army officer, she defrauded many people at Windermere.

They were so completely deceived that, when detectives came looking for her, they refused to believe she was a crook.

Sir Wyndham Childs Says:

Thanks very largely to the invaluable information, voluntarily furnished by readers, the year which is ending has been extremely successful for the Investigation Department.

We have been able to save many people, particularly "John Bull" readers, from all kinds of swindlers. The task of exposing them has been a gratifying one.

We have, too, assisted in bringing sharepushers and other rogues to the dock.

Now for 1939!

When in doubt, write to me at once. Don't wait until you have been tricked.

Cripple's Tragic Plight

WHEN young William Dennehy lost his leg in a works accident he was awarded £2,400 damages.

He has never had a farthing of that money. Instead, his family is faced with a claim for £88 19s. 10d. legal costs.

It is quite a simple story.

Dennehy, whose home is in Duke Street, Barkingside, Ilford, Essex, was employed by a joinery firm—B. G. Brooks, Ltd., of New North Road, Barkingside.

A belt slipped off a pulley and in endeavouring to replace it the fastener caught in his trousers and his leg was pulled into the shaft.

After the accident the firm was fined £50 and costs for not safeguarding the machinery concerned Then in the High Court Dennehy was awarded £2,400 damages.

But the insurance underwriters refused to pay. They maintained that B. G. Brooks, Ltd., had not adhered to the terms of the policy.

So Dennehy's father sued the insurance company which had placed the risk with the underwriters. He won his case—then lost it on an appeal.

The next thing that Dennehy's father knew was that he was being sued in Westminster County Court for £88 19s. 10d.—the costs of the appeal action. He was ordered to pay 8s. a month.

Even this places a strain on the family because Mr. Dennehy earns only a small wage.

He is an ex-Serviceman, who was wounded in the war.

The boy is now unable to earn any money. His injury will handicap him for life.

JOHN BULL has long denounced the loopholes in the Workmen's Compensation Act. It must be strengthened.

Surely it is disgraceful that William Dennehy, now a cripple for life, cannot get the compensation awarded him, and that his father must pay heavy costs for his attempt to secure justice for his son.

Not the Same

I have been asked to say that the New Era Publishing Co., Ltd., of 12-14, Newton Street, Holborn, London, W.C., has no connection with a similarly named concern called the Era Publishing Co., of Wembley, Middlesex, which I recently criticised. Gladly I do this.

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A

It BEAUTIFIES RED TILES!

Red Tiles and Red Composition Floors always have a lovely rich, red finish when polished with "Cardinal." Fine too for Front Steps, Cement Paths, etc. Will not wash off in the rain.
Also in White, Cream, Green, Buff and Transparent. Of all Dealers.

CARDINAL POLISH

CHISWICK PRODUCTS LTD., LONDON, W.4 CP/BS/9

B

WORTH THEIR SALT!

6 times the food value of boiled potatoes. Being cooked in pure vegetable oil they are easily digested. Splendid for your Christmas Party. Delicious with cocktails. Ideal for a quick lunch—the finest and cheapest food value you can buy.

SMITH'S
POTATO CRISPS
PER 2d PACKET

C

FEAST WITHOUT FEAR THIS CHRISTMAS

Stomach trouble will never trouble you, if after meals you take Opas brand MacLean Powder. Try it and prove for yourself its amazing efficacy in preventing Indigestion, Flatulence, Acidity, Gastritis and Dyspepsia.

OPAS BRAND MacLEAN Stomach Digestive POWDER
The Formula of Doctor Hugh Maclean
Obtainable only from Chemists.
Trial size 7½d. Popular size 1/-
Economy size 1/9

D

FAMOUS STARS HELP YOU TO CHOOSE YOUR Xmas Radio!

WALFORD HYDEN Musical Director of "Balalaika"

The new 1939 Wonder Sets have been selected for Currys by Walford Hyden and a committee of world-famous Stars of Stage, Screen and Radio—to ensure for you the best possible all-round value.

EASY TERMS TO SUIT YOU.
7 DAYS' FREE HOME TRIAL.
Choose your model from: Marconi, Ultra, Pye, Ekco, G.E.C., Cossor, Philips, Philco, Invicta, Decca, etc.

Big Xmas FOLDER FREE

Currys LTD

Head Office: Great West Rd., BRENTFORD, Middx.

E

Be Wise
Be Safer
Save Money
Save Trouble

For Xmas get a PIFCO DYNAMO LIGHTING SET

- Weighs under 30oz.
- 6-volt Dynamo, weight 19½ oz.
- Head lamp; 90 ft. Beam, weight 8½oz.
- Tail lamp weighs 2½ oz.
- GUARANTEED 12 MONTHS.

From all Cycle Shops, but if unobtainable locally send Postal Order direct to 10/6

PIFCO, LTD., Watling St., Manchester, or Pifco House, 58 City Rd., London, E.C.1

F

Resistance against Winter Ills can be assured by the regular use of

DR. DE JONGH'S LIGHT BROWN COD LIVER OIL

which contains the Vitamins A & D in correct proportion with other valuable constituents.

Highly recommended for the treatment of BRONCHITIS, RHEUMATISM, ASTHMA, INFANTILE, AND ALL WASTING DISEASES

Proprietors: ANSAR, HARFORD & CO., LTD., 182, Grey's Inn Road, London, W.C.1.

G

'Follow the Fleet'

WEAR Admiralty 'UNIFORM' Brand Overalls

Made from Genuine Admiralty Bleutte Cloth as used in the Navy. All main seams treble sewn. All guaranteed to wash and wear. Bib Pants, Jackets or Trousers.
Per garment 5/11
Boiler Suits 9/6 each
TREBLE SEWN for TREBLE WEAR
Write for free pattern of material and name of outfitter in your town.

J. LANGDON & SONS, LTD., DUKE ST., LIVERPOOL, 1

3 FREE ENTRY FORM

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CATTLE RUSTLERS

Armed men guarding their farm against night marauders in Norfolk

—in BRITAIN!

TIME moved back more than a hundred years in the House of Commons last week.

Mr. John Morgan, the new member for Doncaster, who looks more like a farmer than any other M.P., raised a subject that has not been discussed in the assembly for many generations—Cattle Rustling!

His colleagues were incredulous as he told of the big-scale revival of a form of crime which has not given Parliament any serious concern since the cattle thief was punished with death or transportation for life!

But they would have looked even more astonished if they had known the unrevealed facts behind his question—facts which have so dismayed Farmers' Unions in Northamptonshire, Buckingham, Hertford, Sussex and other counties that they are urging their parent body in London to national action.

Cattle stealing has become the biggest thorn in the side of the police forces of at least nine counties in the past few weeks, and it will become a bigger problem yet.

Because motor transport has made it possible for rustlers to raid stock-farms in the early hours of the morning, and rush the cattle, horses, sheep, pigs and poultry to market towns a hundred miles or more away before breakfast time.

As many as 70 sheep have gone from a field in a single raid. Ten fat beasts have been padlocked in a field at night and, by morning, have disappeared.

And more than 1,000 head of poultry were missing after a midnight raid by another gang of marauders.

Farmers in Northamptonshire are stringing their property with trip wires in an effort to thwart the rustlers.

IN other counties they are blacking their faces and keeping all-night vigils with shot-guns.

They talk of neighbours whose chicken-runs and pigsties have been emptied as they slept.

There is something uncanny about the way in which the various gangs evade capture.

At Bell Farm, Kesgrave, near Ipswich, rustlers actually led Mr. Frank Spalding's valuable hunters from their stables and rode them round a field, so that they could pick the six best.

That number, apparently, was all they could take in the motor horse-boxes they had with them.

Equally audacious was a recent raid on the sheep at Mr. A. T. Master's farm at Poxwell, Dorset.

More than a thousand sheep were herded for the night into a field at Weavy Hole.

But when Sid Richards looked at them just after dawn next morning, his skilled shepherd's eye told him at once that many were missing.

He counted them. Fifty-five had been stolen in one monster raid.

Yet there had been no sound during the night. Not even the hurdles were disturbed.

Those 55 sheep were probably dead mutton within a few hours of being stolen, for they were all stamped with an "M" that couldn't be erased, and would therefore render them unsaleable as livestock except by the rightful owner.

Then there is the gang which has been plundering the 3,000-strong herds of cattle and ponies in the New Forest, where losses have been crippling to some small farmers.

In four weeks 50 ponies and cattle worth £300 were rustled.

That the raiders are experts in the handling of livestock is shown by the fact that the most highly skilled men find it difficult to round-up the shy New Forest ponies even in daylight!

Many farmers refuse to believe there are men with such control over animals. They suggest that chloroform is being used—although there is no reason whatsoever to support that view.

Certainly they must be using headlamps of almost searchlight intensity. And that makes the ease with which they escape detection all the more mysterious.

In the Chelmsford district, where many farmers have given up poultry because of the frequency of raids, 700 hens were stolen, killed and plucked in a night. All that was left for their owner was a mountain of feathers!

The police believe that this is one of several gangs which work without a headquarters of any kind.

ALL they need is a lock-up garage, and this can be changed frequently.

They carry their hauls direct from farm to market.

Those 700 hens would make their next appearance as 700 fowls trussed for table!

No wonder turkey farmers in Norfolk—where there have been tremendous losses of birds fattened for Christmas—are sitting up all night to protect their gobblers.

These Norfolk turkeys roost in trees. One would imagine that it would be difficult to collect more than two or three of them.

But the modern rustler manages to lift them as cleanly and quickly as if they were all waiting for him in baskets.

Recently 100 birds were collected within 200 yards of a farmhouse, and not a sound was heard!

Not even the picturesque rustlers who used to ride the prairies of the United States and Canada 50 years ago showed more daring than was displayed by the men who raided Chippenham cattle market recently.

Four beasts worth £100 disappeared within a few minutes of leaving the auctioneer's ring.

By the time a thorough search had been made among the 500 head of cattle in the market, the missing beasts were bowling along country lanes in one of the speedy cattle-boxes which have brought big-scale cattle stealing back into the criminal calendar.

WHO are these modern rustlers?

One theory is that some of the leaders are men sent back from the depressed farming districts of Canada, where cattle rustling by lorry has been going on for years.

The Canadian rustlers drive the stolen cattle to wayside stations some hundreds of miles away, and from there they are sent to the markets in the east of the Dominion.

It is also believed that some of the raiders spy out the land a day or two before, under the pretence of giving greyhounds a try-out over the fields.

Such practice runs are so common in these days of greyhound racing that they no longer attract much attention.

It is certainly a fact that, after strange greyhounds have been seen coursing near a farm, there have been big cattle raids.

As a first move towards checking the rustling menace, the National Farmers' Union wants the authorities to untie the hands of the police.

At present they are not allowed to deal with stock on lorries. They cannot ask where it has come from or where it is going.

An approach is to be made to the Home Secretary to urge that the movement of livestock between the hours of 11 p.m. and 5 a.m. should only be permitted by licence—the licence to be produced whenever a constable chooses to ask for it.

With millions of pounds' worth of stock lying in fields and lonely outhouses, it is vital that the motor rustler should be driven out of business.

Greatest of These

Keep Them Smiling!

SORROW is harder to bear at Christmas-time than at any other season.

Smiling faces make such a bitter contrast with the despair of the man or woman whose lot is suffering and hardship.

That is why we ask your sympathy for a Northumberland miner and his family.

The man has made a magnificent struggle against one misfortune after another. Now, it seems, debt is going to defeat him.

For five years he lay helpless with a fractured spine. He fought his way back to health with all the dourness of his Northern stock.

Pleasure for these youngsters . . But won't you help to bring a Happy Christmas to a sadly suffering family?

He returned to work, but a year later he was buried by a roof-fall and was injured internally.

Again he recovered, and went back to the pit.

Then he began to suffer with septic poisoning in his arms and conjunctivitis in both eyes.

That was six months ago. He has not worked since then, and now he is nearly blind.

During these years of pain he lost three of his children—one little boy after seven operations. His remaining two children have been seriously ill.

His wife has had two operations, and worry has wrecked her nerves.

The clergyman of the parish tells us:

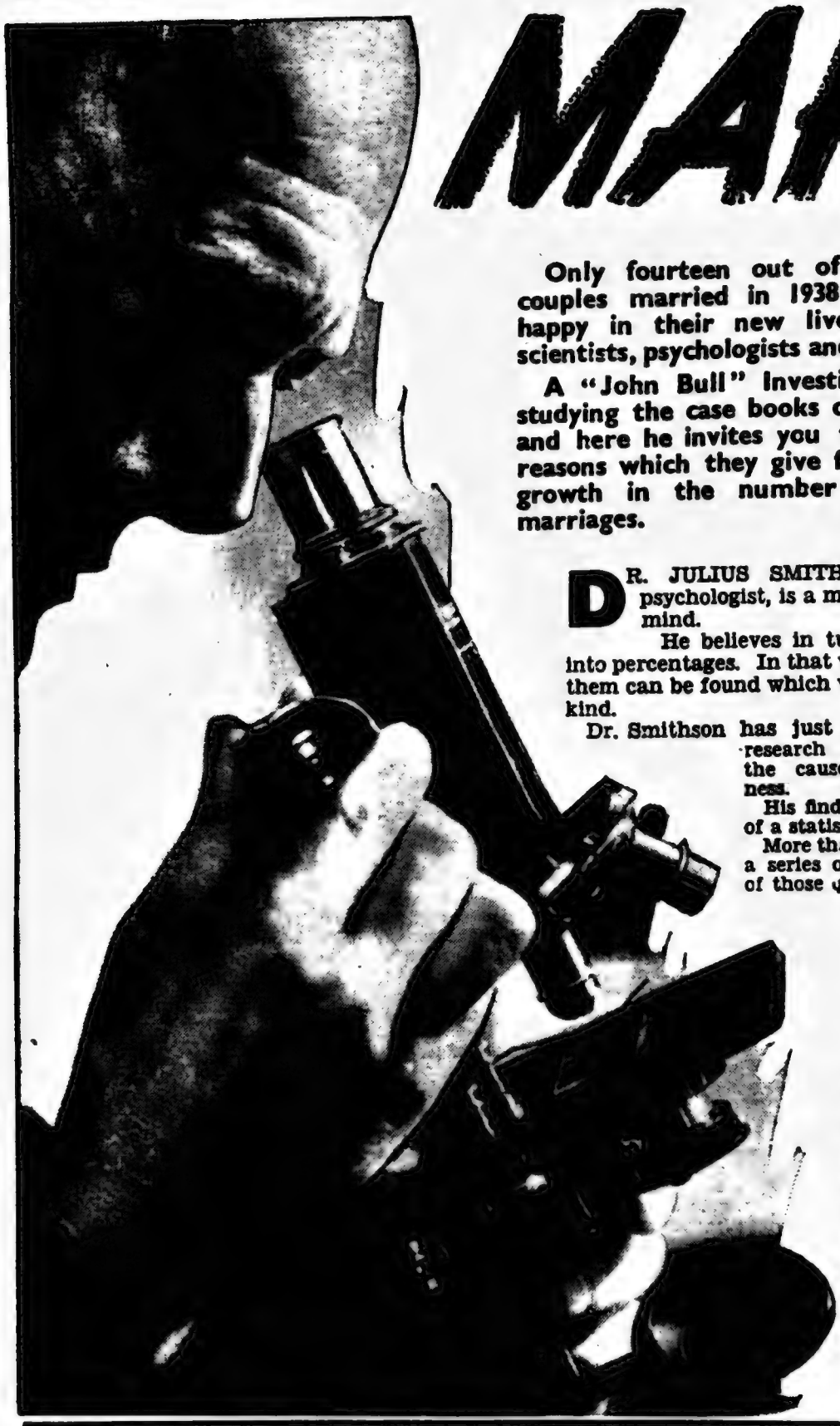
"This man has been plucky all through, and has done everything to earn money for his wife and children."

We urge our readers to do anything they can for this hard-pressed and deserving family.

Donations should be earmarked: "Clouds," and addressed to the Hon. Secretary, John Bull War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. They will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given.

All administration expenses of the Fund are borne by "John Bull."

MARRIAGE



Only fourteen out of every hundred couples married in 1938 will be really happy in their new lives, according to scientists, psychologists and social workers.

A "John Bull" Investigator has been studying the case books of these experts, and here he invites you to examine the reasons which they give for the startling growth in the number of unhappy marriages.

DR. JULIUS SMITHSON, noted American psychologist, is a man with a mathematical mind.

He believes in turning human problems into percentages. In that way, he says, solutions to them can be found which will fit the mass of mankind.

Dr. Smithson has just completed three years' research in this country into the causes of marital unhappiness.

His findings have taken the form of a statistical survey.

More than 3,000 couples were asked a series of simple questions. Four of those questions were:—

In your married life are you—

(a) Very happy?
(b) More or less happy?
(c) Unhappy?
(d) Unbearably unhappy?

Twenty-six per cent. of husbands and 24 per cent. of wives said they were "very happy." Forty-four per cent. of husbands and 46 per cent. of wives were "more or less happy."

Nineteen per cent. of husbands and 23 per cent. of wives were "unhappy."

And 11 per cent. of husbands and 7 per cent. of wives were "unbearably unhappy."

These figures confirm a theory held not only by Dr. Smithson, but also by other scientists and social workers, that, where a marriage is a failure, wives are less willing than husbands to face the logical conclusion of a parting.

Vanity and economics are the reasons for this.

The fear that she would be scorned because she could not "keep her man" caused a woman of forty-two, who had been married sixteen years, to commit suicide.

In a note to her husband she admitted that their life together had been increasingly unhappy, and she reproached herself for not having agreed to part three years earlier, when he had suggested they should go different ways.

"I could not let you go," she wrote. "What you proposed was the only wise, logical or even moral step. We should both have been happier apart, but I could not bring myself to face my friends alone, and so admit that I had failed as a wife to make you happy."

Divorce Court records and the case books of social workers are full of instances in which marriages have been wrecked by a woman's reluctance to give up her career.

Here is one from real life.

Six years ago, Jennie McK. was the private secretary of a bank manager.

She was competent, understanding, sensitive to his moods and sympathetic to his whims.

under

MICH

Soon she became so indispensable to her chief that he spent most of his out-of-office time in her company. The intimacy became friendship, then love and marriage followed.

For a few months Jennie was thrilled with being Mrs. H. H., but then she began to long for the bustle of her old job.

Her husband objected, but, as he was a peace-at-any-price individual, eventually he relented. Jennie got a good post with a business firm, and from that moment trouble started.

Her husband's hours at the bank were shorter than hers. He fumed as he sat at home, or pottered in the garden, awaiting her arrival. He fumed also, when the fine points of housekeeping were neglected because of the calls of the office. He fumed when her economic independence was demonstrated in other forms of independence.

Then began the "working late" period. That started his jealousy, which his loneliness fed.

He reproached her and, losing control of his judgment, made the accusation that, "If you stayed out with me you can stay out with your new boss." He began to keep watch on her and she, knowing it, encouraged her chief to take her about just to madden her husband.

By a "John Bull" Investigator

r the

It worked both ways: it also maddened her chief, whose passion swept her off her feet and gave the husband grounds for divorce.

Affection must find expression if it is not to languish and die.

Ninety-eight per cent. of happily married husbands kiss their wives on leaving for work each morning and when they return.

There is real danger in taking one's marriage partner too much for granted.

Unexpressed love makes an impression on the mind and sets up a mental condition of repression, which must find relief in some other way.

That explains many of the intrigues which lead to the Divorce Court.

There was the case of Mr. and Mrs. W. D., whose marriage was dissolved at the end of seven years, on the grounds of the wife's misconduct.

It was not a sordid story of illicit love, but a tragedy of repressed affection.

As a girl, Mrs. D. had always been of an ardent nature and the first two years of her married life were bliss because her husband was lavish in the way he showed his love.

There were outings to the theatre, Saturday bouquets, talks on the telephone, terms of endearment on all occasions.

Then Mr. D. was promoted to sales director of his company and was kept travelling about holding conferences with the sales staff.

His absences from home only intensified his wife's feelings, but the return was not of the same temperature.

Little by little his business monopolised his time and thoughts. He was steeped in it at the office and brought it home with him at night. In such a mood his wife's kisses became almost distasteful.

He repulsed her, and so she withdrew within herself.

Yet the capacity for love could not be quelled. In that mental condition she fell an easy victim to the advances of her friend's brother, who atoned a hundredfold for all her husband's coldness.

It is probable that the husband felt the aggrieved party when he started the divorce proceedings, but, after the decree had been made absolute and he realised how his hand had been the one to crush his wife's love, he wooed and won her back again.

Not so many marriages are marred by parental interference these days as there were in Victorian times, but the problem of in-laws has still to be eliminated.

A social worker told me this story.

John H. was the only son of his widowed mother, who doted on him. Foolishly he used to say, "My mother is my sweetheart," and she, foolishly, believed it.

Then he fell in love with a girl who had been left an orphan after having kept home for her father and brother.

There was a swift courtship and they married.

The boy invited his mother to share their home, and she, of course, accepted, still clinging to the quaint belief that she was "his sweetheart."

If the newly wed husband did not serve his mother first at meals, or give up the best fireside seat to her, or take her out with his wife to the theatre, there was a scene, sulks and sarcasm.

Matters were made worse by the fact that the mother elected herself to the position of housekeeper.

That might have been acceptable to the young wife had she been an amateur, but she had "mothered" her father and brother for some years.

She resented openly the interference and domestic domination of her mother-in-law.

For a while the husband ignored much of the evil in his home, but when romance had cooled down to a sensible temperature, he found himself torn between two women, for each of whom he had a great deal of affection.

He began to dread coming home, because he would usually find his wife and mother flinging insults at each other.

Within a year the feathers of that love-nest were scattered among a dozen second-hand furniture stores, the couple were legally separated, and the husband, embittered against both women, found a position on the Berlin staff of his firm.

Children are supposed to bring happiness to marriage. Too often they bring the reverse—nagging and jealousy.

Research reveals the startling fact that fewer than 21 per cent. of happily married couples have children, while 92 per cent. of unhappily married lives together have been less happy since babies arrived.

Psychologists, who are far too scientific to be sentimental, base on these figures their assertion that where children are either accidents or the result of thoughtless sentimentality they cannot be sound foundations for a happily married life.

A case dealt with in a London court shows how the story of the home being "blessed" with children does not always match-up with life.

It concerned a small shopkeeper who had lived happily with his wife for three years.

On one thing they were agreed: they should not, in their position, have a child.

When it was known that the wife was to become a mother, a situation was created in which the affectionate helpfulness of man to wife was missing.

There was, instead, a condition of mutual recrimination. It became chronic, colouring their whole relationship. Not even the birth of the child eased this—it accentuated it!

The baby was the wife's excuse for everything. The home became neglected and untidy.

She did not, as previously, attend to the books of the shop. She was never able to go out of an evening with her husband.

In his embittered state of mind, the father began to be obsessed with the idea that his wife was using the baby as a weapon to punish him for his earlier selfishness.

In the end there was a divorce.

Acute individualism is also fatal to married happiness. Where a couple develop unevenly a lop-sided life results.

From a clergyman in the Midlands comes this illustration.

A couple married when the man was a four-guinea-a-week clerk. The wife kept house on three pounds a week.

She still has the three-pound-a-week mind, although her husband now earns £1,500 a year, and has to entertain and be entertained.

The clergyman says:—

"When my friend has clients home to dinner his wife 'lets him down' by explaining how she cooked the meal herself, or beaten down the poulterer by sixpence for the fowl, or can recommend the cheese because it cost two shillings a pound."

The man can be criticised for acting snobbishly, but his excuse would be that he has a position to maintain.

Upbringing, too, has profound effects for good or evil.

Nearly 90 per cent. of unhappy marriages are those in which an only, or youngest, child of one family has married an only or youngest child of another.

Such children expect to be petted and pampered after marriage and when, instead, they are scratched and scraped on the hard facts of life they feel the pain too intensely.

If that is so, it is obvious that happier marriages result where the only, or youngest, child of one family marries the oldest or middle child of another.

The latter is experienced in handling pampered children.

It would appear, too, that the happiest marriages should be between the oldest children of families.

When should a couple marry? That is a question, the answer to which is vitally important.

Questionnaires prove that the majority of happy marriages take place after three years of close acquaintanceship and courtship.

On the other hand, to leave marriage until a couple have passed the "age of romance" is also to court disaster.

Anthony Ludovici, the authority on this subject, says that the average man should not be encouraged to delay marriage beyond his thirtieth birthday. No normal girl, he says, should marry later than her twenty-second year.

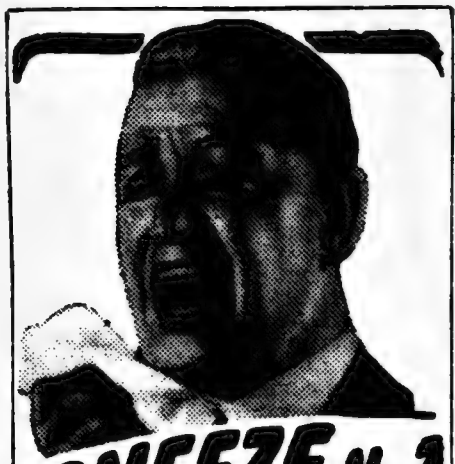
Other authorities, however, oppose too early marriages.

And now, what are the findings on which all the experts, psychologists, and social workers agree?

They are these: Economic pressure and the restless mood of the age, with its corrosive synicism, do not form the atmosphere in which happy marriages can flourish.

The cure, they say, is in ourselves. We must see our cynicism for the cheap thing it is and return to the old virtues of tact, patience, unselfishness, tenderness and loyalty.

ROSCOPE



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You're going to catch a bad cold? Not if you take 2 Tablets of Phensic NOW. You'll be FREE of cold in the morning. No temperature. No fuzzy tight head. No aching, shivering, burning limbs. Simply take Phensic and keep warm. *High Medical Authority acknowledges the 4 finest specifics combined in Phensic.* Acting together, they are an *unbelievable advance on any single ingredient treatment.* Prove it! Get Phensic now: 3d, 6d, 1/3, 3/- & 5/-. Invaluable for *all nerve pains, rheumatism, chills and feverish attacks.*

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Pronounced 'FEN-ZIK' *Brand*

Quickest and Safest for COLDS and INFLUENZA

MUSCULAR RHEUMATISM

The scene was the British lines near Ypres during the Great War. Enemy artillery had been pounding away ceaselessly. Suddenly a curious odour came over in the breeze. Men coughed and clutched their chests. . . .

Among those who suffered in that first gas attack was Mr. E. B., of Hayes.

"Since leaving the Army," he now writes, "I have also had frequent attacks of muscular rheumatism and lumbago. But a year ago an old Naval man advised me to try Fynnon Salt. After trying so many costly remedies, I felt sceptical about such a simple treatment, but after taking Fynnon regularly I have felt better than for many years. Even during the recent foggy weather I suffered very little. The effect of your Salt is a general toning up of the system."

Fynnon Salt is usually a double surprise to sufferers. While rinsing away the cruel Rheumatic acid and toxins, its Spa Water elements of Sodium, Potassium and Lithium also stimulate liver and kidneys and so cleanse and invigorate the whole system. Take a teaspoonful in a tumblerful of warm water every morning and *you* will be a better man too! Large tins 1/3 from all chemists.

SKIN DISEASES

AMAZING NEW DISCOVERY

"I am pleased to tell you I am completely cured from that terrible disease, varicose-eczema and psoriasis, from which I was suffering, and I can only thank Elasto Tablets for the wonderful and speedy cure. My legs now show no trace of the old trouble, **and my skin is as soft as velvet.** I think Elasto is the safest and cleanest and best blood purifier in the world. . . ."

(A.B. 1031.) (Signed) Mr. E. J. BEAUCHAMP.

Elasto, the New Biomedical Remedy, acts like magic; no skin disease can resist its curative action. It actually restores the natural power of healing to the blood. Thousands have already found quick relief and permanent cure, and are expressing praise and amazement at the wonderful results. Elasto is prepared in tiny tablets, which dissolve instantly on the tongue, and it is the pleasantest, cheapest and the most effective remedy ever devised.

SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE!

"The Story of Elasto" is the title of an interesting booklet which we will gladly send privately, post free, together with a generous Free Sample, and copies of recent testimonials. Write for these today. *Now!* while you think of it. *This offer is too good to be missed!*

ELASTO (Dept. 15 A.), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

STANLEY BISHOP starts a great new series—

CROOKS

WITH engine ticking over, the big saloon car pulls up before the side entrance to the factory offices.

Five men climb out, leaving the driver at the wheel. Two of them run to the corners of the building, then signal the all-clear.

The remaining three go to a door, force it open, and enter.

One hand on the gear lever, the driver waits tensely and whistles softly through his teeth.

Five, ten, fifteen minutes pass. . . .

Faintly, just audible above the purr of the car's engine, comes a low, rumbling sound.

The driver bites his lip, waves a handkerchief to the men who are keeping watch. They come running.

A moment later the three who entered the factory are also climbing into the car. One of them is clutching a leather brief case.

The car leaps away.

Early next morning a frantic manager telephones Scotland Yard. "This is the Blank Company speaking," he says, "send someone down at once. Our safe has been blown open and the pay-roll has been stolen."

The Gelignite Gang has struck again!

"Well," you may say, having read this little piece of imagery, "it all sounds very dramatic—but robberies like that don't happen in England, and if they do, they must be very rare!"

That is where you are wrong. There is an epidemic of safe-blowing in this country. In six months more than £10,000 was looted from safes which had been burst open by high explosives such as gelignite and samsonite.

The epidemic began in London, then spread to the provinces. Scotland Yard was bewildered. This was the work of men they did not know.

Strangers

Up to this time, when a safe robbery was reported, they had merely to work through the files in the Criminal Office, pick out half a dozen criminals whose methods tallied with those that had been used, and begin a round-up.

After that, it was only a matter of weeks before the culprits were in jail.

But the burglars and bankers

Gangs—given these names because of the explosives in which they specialised—were strangers.

They kept their identity secret by ruthless intimidation of the smaller fry of the underworld.

But then came the inevitable slip-up. There was one tongue they could not silence, because it was a tongue that gave voice to an old grudge, and its owner was well protected by prison bars.

An "old lag," who believed that he had been double-crossed, took his revenge by turning informer.

The names he gave coincided with twenty which the police already had on a list of suspects.

One arrest followed another.

Not long ago there were a series of convictions at the Old Bailey. Several

No. 1—"The Gelignite Gang"

expert safe-blowers were imprisoned for long terms.

Among them was James Fairly, regarded by the Glasgow police as one of the most expert safe breakers in the world, and who had ten previous convictions, including three for housebreaking and being in possession of explosives.

Migrating from Glasgow to London, he formed a safe-blowing band, with James Robertson, one-time Glasgow valet, as his chief assistant.

Another whose exciting career has been interrupted is George Henry Chatham, alias William Smith, a self-taught "explosives expert" who led a gang which worked mainly in the London suburbs.

Having rid society of such skilful enemies, the Yard men congratulated themselves—then went back to work again to hunt down even bigger quarry.

They have most of the gangsters behind bars; now they want the Master Brain who is directing the safe-blowing campaign, and is training new men to take the place of those who have been captured.

They believe that his freedom will be short-lived, because in their investigations they have tracked down almost every underworld link of the organisation.

No longer are they working in the dark.

But before they can reach the Master Brain, they must discover the channel through which supplies of explosives are obtained.

Master Brain

There is a steady underworld traffic in gelignite, samsonite and detonators. Much of the stuff is stolen from quarries and mines; but how does it reach the gangsters?

Profits are so big in this traffic that the temptation to "squeak" for a police reward is ruled out by greed.

The commercial price of a stick of gelignite is a shilling. Safe-breakers will buy that stick for £1—perhaps more.

When you consider that the average small crook can earn only £2 10s. a week for the risks he takes, this rake-off is princely.

And so, in London, Sheffield and Glasgow, clearing houses have sprung up where stolen explosives are stored and re-sold.

Attached to these clearing-houses are criminal information bureaux, forming

Misleading Medals

THOUSANDS of ex-Servicemen and women have been misled in the past few weeks by an advertisement which appeared in provincial newspapers.

It stated that a commemoration medal and diploma had been issued for award to all ranks of the British Army of Occupation on the Rhine and that early distribution would be made.

Those who applied are receiving literature from a concern calling itself the Fédération des Anciens de l'Armée du Rhin (Federation of Rhine Army Veterans), with an address in Rue de Laeken, Brussels.

The Federation's objects, it is stated, are to reunite Allied soldiers who were in the Rhineland—and (absurdly) to institute a system in Britain by which they may obtain goods from shopkeepers at much-reduced prices!

The medal and diploma will be forthcoming—when the applicant sends 10s. and a promise to pay 3s. yearly to this queer body.

There is no more in the scheme than an attempt to sell worthless badges to the credulous at a ridiculous price.

Three thousand men and four hundred women—that is the strength of the army of regular criminals who are warring against society in the country. Who are they? What are their "rackets"? How do they work? Follow this series and meet them all, confidence men and burglars, sneak-thieves and sharepushers, "kings" of crime and their underlings

PARADE!

a spider's web which has strands in every corner of the country.

And in its centre sits the spider—the Master Brain whom Scotland Yard seeks—sifting details, working out plans, marshalling his henchmen and arranging for the disposal of their loot.

You may say that this sounds melodramatic, too.

Will you say that when I tell you that, after a raid on a house in West London the police found pamphlets explaining the use of gelignite in safe-blowing, and plans which showed the extent of the organisation?

Before the safe-blowers make a move, they have every detail worked out. They know exactly how much money is in the safe, what kind of a safe it is, and where it is placed.

Each member of the gang has his own duty, and they don't fail.

First there is the "Finder," usually a girl, who has to locate a prospect, and worm her way into the confidence of workers in an office or factory.

She finds out when the pay-roll is due, how much of it is in notes and how much in silver, for how long it will be left in the safe, the layout of burglary alarms and the habits of the night watchmen.

Then there is the driver, who can handle any make of car—an important point, that, for most of the cars used are stolen from parking-places, though occasionally one is hired from a crook garage.

The rest of the team consists of the blower, usually an ex-miner or quarryman, and an expert burglar whose job is to gain entrance to the building.

There is no need for the gang to carry much equipment.

Two ounces of gelignite are sufficient to blow open most safes, and that amount can be carried in the finger of a glove.

Detonators are so small that one can be disguised in a cigarette paper and hidden among other cigarettes in an ordinary packet.

As for the other essentials, there is a length of electric flex, two jemmies, some household soap, a drill and rubber gloves to safeguard against finger-prints.

Change of Tune

The whole outfit can easily be carried in an attaché case, or, as was the practice of one expert notorious safe-blower, in a violin case.

He was an amateur musician of some merit, and when he was not planning robberies was first fiddle of the orchestral society in the provincial town where he lived.

A violin case, he argued, would never arouse the suspicions of any inquisitive policeman. He was right—for quite a long time.

But it will be a much longer time before he again performs in public on his violin, and he has seen the last of the old violin case which held his safe-blowing equipment.

How is a safe blown open? It is really very easy.

Two ounces of gelignite—putty-like in substance—are pressed tightly into the keyhole of the safe.

If necessary, other small holes are drilled around it, and also filled with explosive.

Then the cracks around the four sides of the door are wedged with soap.

Anything which will deaden the comparatively small report of the explosion is collected—carpets, rugs and towels—and draped over the safe.

A detonator is embedded in the explosive at the keyhole and twin lengths of wire led from it to the terminals of a convenient electric light switch.

The switch clicks. There is a muffled thud which might be anything to a passer-by, and the safe door is hanging loose.

If the safe-blower knows his job, there is little danger, but when he is a novice anything can happen.

In a Gateshead safe-robbery not long ago too much explosive was used and a man was killed—crushed to death by the flying door.

Before the present epidemic of safe-blowings there was what police believe to have been a training period, and an elderly Yorkshire cracksman is suspected as the "coach."

In a number of cases safes were removed from factories, carried away in cars and blown open in lonely fields.

It is thought that gangsters adopted this more complicated method to gain their experience for carrying out the job on the spot.

In country house safe robberies, however, it is usual for small safes to be carted away. They cannot be blown open where they are for fear of arousing the residents.

A small electric torch battery will give sufficient current to blow a house safe if gelignite or samsonite are the explosives used.

They Win

That is why the methods of safe-breaking in this country have changed so drastically.

Not for years has there been a "torch" robbery—one in which the safe is burned open by oxy-acetylene apparatus. The equipment is too cumbersome and difficult to operate.

And the methods of the American gangsters are considered too slow. They rely on brute force, and either smash the lock with a heavy copper hammer and punch out the spindle, or else drill holes round a section of the safe and rip it out with a jemmy.

No, it is gelignite and samsonite for the English crooks; and there is only one sure way of fighting their activities.

The Home Office must impose new and more severe regulations for the storage and protection of explosives in mines and quarries. The underworld's source of supply must be blockaded.

Until that is done, Scotland Yard will be handicapped.

Next Week: The Forgers' Ring

Two ounces of explosive pressed into the keyhole—and it's easy money for the safe-blower

THAT'S WHY I NEVER HAVE SICK HEADACHES

There is even more in Beechams Pills than freedom from sick headaches, biliousness, and digestive upsets. Millions of happy women find that a course of this famous family remedy improves the complexion, slims the figure, gives them an outlook ten times more cheerful! Start a course of Beechams Pills yourself .... to-day! You can get them everywhere.

My laxative is Beechams Pills

for over 90 years the supreme remedy for CONSTIPATION, *Biliousness, Digestive Upsets, and Poor Skin*

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX

CROSSWORD No. 136.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS.

On page 32 is presented the 136th of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors.

This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee, consisting of the following:—The Editor of JOHN BULL and Doctor C. E. M. Joad, M.A., D.Lit.

Each entry received will be carefully considered and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one Entry Form has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at those points, which will be duly indicated when result and winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL published Thursday, January 19, 1939. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be published in "JOHN BULL'S" free weekly Crossword Gazette, complimentary copy of which is obtainable by sending penny postcard to Gazette Dept., 30, Bedford Street, W.C.2. The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided, but not more than one cash prize and one other prize will be allowed to one entrant in any one contest.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

WHAT

happens when the sky rains rocks?
insects are used in surgery to close wounds?
happens when a warship commences firing?
star was the Star of Bethlehem?

WHY

does an ice-boat go faster than the wind which drives it?
a sponge has a "plumbing" equipment?
women don't beat men at work?

WHERE

You'll find this information—and much more thrilling interest. It's in this month's

ARMCHAIR SCIENCE

ON SALE EVERYWHERE 6D

This wife dreads the sound of her husband's steps because he is a—

REAL *Life* SCROOGE

An artistic impression of Dickens' Scrooge, by Bertram Prance

ONE of the most pathetic letters I have read comes from a woman reader.

She says:

"I think my husband must be the meanest man who ever lived.

"When we were first married we had to be careful, I know, but he has got on well since those early days. Yet he watches every farthing.

"As soon as he arrives home he wants a written statement of everything I have spent during the day, and, if he finds anything which he thinks unnecessary, he is furious and sulks till bedtime. He was enraged because I paid sixpence for a poppy on Armistice Day.

"At Christmas, I should like to give away a few presents and send some cards, but this is 'wasteful' and 'silly.' He never gives me a present, unless it is something for the house. I dare not buy a bunch of flowers.

"Yet I know he has at least £1,500 in the bank.

"We have one child—a girl—but I have always wanted another and he objects because 'kids are expensive,' as well as being a trouble. Our biggest rows have been about this.

"We have had only one holiday in twelve years, and that was spoilt because he was watching the money like a cat watching a mouse-hole.

"This sort of thing goes on every day, year after year, till I'm quite tired of it all. I dread the sound of his footsteps coming home."

* * *

No wonder the wife is tired of it all.

She wants to know if anything can be done about such a man.

The man is obviously suffering from a mania which is spoiling life for the three of them.

I have two suggestions to offer. The first is that the wife should give her husband a copy of Dickens' "Christmas Carol." There is no finer sermon against miserliness than the story of old Scrooge. If the man reads it, he may apply it to himself and change his attitude.

The second suggestion I will keep back for a little.

That last sentence in the wife's letter should make any man think twice—"I dread the sound of his footsteps coming home."

What a terrible thing to be said about any man—father, husband, brother, or son—and, curiously enough, it has occurred in several other letters.

What an awful memory to have of a man after he is dead: that the family dreaded the sound of his footsteps!

A man's homecoming at the end of the day should be an occasion for general happiness. His wife should be glad to see him; the children should be eager to run to meet him.

Suspects Everyone

But now read this letter from another wife:

"My husband suspects everybody. His employers, relatives, neighbours, children, and even me. It must be a 'kink.' His mother was the same and she died a lonely old woman.

"It is becoming so intolerable that it is making me ill. Our children resent his attitude toward them and tell me candidly that they cannot stand much more of it. They will leave home at the earliest opportunity.

"If they do, it will break my heart.

"My husband suspects me of running up bills, the children of deceit and bad companions, business acquaintances of shady dealing. All without the least foundation.

"I have tried reasoning with him, but he only loses his temper and leaves me worn out. *We dread the sound of his footsteps.* After all, what is life if we have no faith in one another? We have to take so much on trust to be really happy.

"I shall be grateful if you can solve this problem for me."

Slave-Wife

One is very sorry for this wife and family, but the man himself needs our profoundest pity.

It must be horrible to go through life tortured by suspicion.

He may be making money enough to live on; he may even be saving a bit for the future; but on the Bank of Happiness he is sadly overdrawn.

A third letter describes another man whose family dread the sound of his footsteps. It starts like this:

"Dear 'Humanist,' if you should want to publish this letter, please cut out the details. My husband may be on the look-out, and then there would be trouble again.

"I always read your advice to other people and I wonder if you could help me. . . ."

The letter is too long to quote, but the story is an old one.

A hard-working wife is tied to a man who treats her like a slave. She has had only one holiday in more than twenty-four years and (in her own words) "I shall never hear the last of it." But the man seems to have done pretty well.

He has two main faults—meanness about money and an ungovernable temper.

"When he's in his right senses he owns I've done my best and says he's proud of me. But he throws himself into a rage over nothing at all. I get no peace of mind, night or day."

* * *

I hope readers will not gather from these three letters that the man is always the culprit. I get plenty of complaints from husbands about their wives.

These human vices of miserliness and bad temper afflict both sexes.

It is almost useless to try to exorcise such demons by sweet reasonableness, and scolding accomplishes nothing at all.

But I want to make a suggestion—the one I said I would keep back for a little—to these three unhappy men.

All of them seem to spend their days in manufacturing unhappiness for their wives and children. They are about as welcome in the home as a bitter east wind.

Each of these men should go out on Saturday, Christmas Eve, and deliberately spend about three times as much money as they have done on previous Christmases.

I suggest that each of them buys a good present for his wife, something for herself that will make her face light up with pleasure and astonishment.

Also, they should buy something for every one of their children.

Of course, the bank balance will have dropped a bit, but isn't it worth it?

I have not finished yet.

What about a few extra luxuries to eat and drink? What about a bunch of flowers?

And while the reckless fit is on, why not book seats for a pantomime on Boxing Day?

The troubles that have been making life so miserable all the year—suspicions, jealousies, stinginess, tempers—simply cannot exist in the atmosphere of generosity and good will.

And a man who has created this positive happiness in the home will feel so much better himself that he will want to do it again next Christmas.

But why only at Christmas? Why not every week-end? If those three men would only try it!

Wasting Their Lives

They don't know the pleasure they are missing. Did old Scrooge ever dream what happiness he had lost until the Ghost taught him that memorable lesson?

"I don't know what to do!" cried Scrooge. "I am as light as a feather, I am as happy as an angel, I am as merry as a schoolboy, I am as giddy as a drunken man.

"A Merry Christmas to everybody. A Happy New Year to all the world. Ha, ha, ha."

And Dickens adds:

"Really, for a man who had been out of practice for so many years it was a splendid laugh, a most illustrious laugh. The father of a long, long line of brilliant laughs. . . .

"His own heart laughed: and that was quite enough for him."

After that passage from the immortal story there is no need to say anything more, except to wish all my readers A Very Merry Christmas!

"Humanist"

invites you to seek his advice when you are worried or perplexed. Address your envelope to 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing a stamped envelope for reply. £1 1s. is paid for each letter quoted.

CHILDREN'S PARTIES

Party time, so eagerly awaited by young and old, is at hand. Will you be able to let your children enjoy themselves this year without those last-minute disappointments which are so common?

Party time, enjoyable though it is, involves relaxation of many of the good health rules of the home—the result is too many cakes and rich food; late hours, over-excitement and fatigue. Small wonder that sooner or later even the healthiest child complains of stomach upsets and headaches—becomes out of sorts and bad tempered.

The sure way to keep your children fit enough to enjoy the robust fun is to give them a teaspoonful of 'California Syrup of Figs' each night during party time.

The wise mother knows that 'California Syrup of Figs' will assist Nature to adjust the interrupted routine, whereas drastic purgatives only add to the strain on the system.

Give 'California Syrup of Figs'—Nature's own laxative—and ensure your children being the life of the party.

When purchasing be very careful to ask for '*California* Syrup of Figs' brand Laxative, which Doctors and Nurses so confidently recommend. At all Chemists 1/3 and 2/6.

He's Cashed 281 Cheques from "John Bull"

Here you see Mr. E. Edwards, 2, Gibbons Villas, Ebbw Vale, Mon, who secured a JOHN BULL Crossword Life Pension of 20s. Weekly in July, 1933. Already his Saturday Pension cheques total 281—and they will continue for the rest of his life. Turn to the big Crossword Offer on page 32, for a coupon may well win *you* 20s. Weekly for Life!

£20 MUST BE WON FITTING PHRASES NO ENTRANCE FEE

On this page are reproduced seven advertisements and a series of descriptive phrases. Which phrase do you consider best applies to each advertisement? A prize of £20 will be awarded to the reader who on either form submits the correct or nearest correct placing of the seven phrases in the most appropriate manner as decided by the Advertisement Director of "John Bull." In the event of a tie the prize of £20 will be equally divided. The prize of £20 must be won. THERE IS NO ENTRANCE FEE—all that you have to do is to study carefully the advertisements and the phrases on this page. Each advertisement has a LETTER in the top left-hand corner and each of the phrases is NUMBERED. On the Entry Form below indicate in INK the way in which the seven phrases in your opinion apply most aptly to each of the seven advertisements by writing PHRASE NUMBERS in the blank spaces underneath the LETTERS on Coupon. No phrase may be used more than once. No correspondence will be entered into. Send your entries in an envelope sealed (1½d. stamp).

CLOSING DATE:
Wed., Jan. 11th, 1939.
The name of the winner or winners will be announced in "John Bull" issue published Thursday, Feb. 9.

FIT THESE PHRASES—ENTER ON COUPONS BELOW

1. You may pay more—you won't do better.
2. You can't do better than try it.
3. They all come back for more.
4. To be so popular it must be good.
5. Goes further—lasts longer.
6. Worthy of its reputation for economy and quality.
7. Everybody's Favourite.

ADDRESS ENTRIES:
Fitting Phrases, "John Bull,"
57-59, Long Acre,
London, W.C.2.

Enter also for £30 Prizes on other pages—all entries may be included in same envelope.

A

UNIQUE
for their sweet and tempting flavour
....though they cost no more than ordinary brands...

Batchelor's Peas
CANNED ENGLISH

WRITE FOR A FREE COPY OF THE NEW STYLE RECIPE BOOK TO BATCHELOR'S PEAS LTD., SHEFFIELD.

B

FAVOURITE
AMONG ALL CHRISTMAS TREATS
Chivers Jellies are always firm favourites at the Christmas or Party feast. Their delightfully fresh flavour is due to real fruit juice which goes into them, and to the purity of all the ingredients. Serve Chivers Jellies this Christmas and you will be sure of success.
CHIVERS JELLIES
REAL FRUIT FLAVOURS Recipe in every packet

C

A Fruitful Suggestion

O.K. Sauce is the making of a meal. Its delicious flavour of fine fresh fruits is tasty and does everyone a world of good!
MASON'S O.K. THE SAUCE THAT DOES YOU GOOD

D

HEARD WHILE SHOPPING—

'BABY' WON 1st PRIZE AT THE SHOW—
TOMMY HAS GAINED A SCHOLARSHIP—
MARY HAS HAD A STAGE OFFER—
AND I'M FEELING MUCH FITTER AND BRIGHTER
SINCE WE STARTED USING—

WRIGHT'S Coal Tar SOAP

E

Ensure the Perfect Cake

Don't risk spoiling your special baking efforts by using inferior flour. McDougall's is the PERFECT BLEND which never varies. When you use McDougall's you can be sure of success. It saves money by cutting out failures.

McDougall's
the self-raising flour that never varies

F

This is the famous glass and a half that goes into every ½ lb. block of

CADBURYS MILK CHOCOLATE · Also 2 oz 2d

G

FAVOURED for its FLAVOUR!

Distil Coffee is most economical, being a concentrated double strength essence made by a new process which retains unimpaired all the flavour and bouquet of freshly roasted and ground coffee making it vastly different from ordinary bottled coffee.

FREE GIFTS
Valuable free gifts in exchange for Distil Coffee Coupons.
WRITE FOR FREE GIFT BOOK TO :—
DISTIL MFG. CO. (1921) LTD., MOCHA HOUSE, MINT STREET, S.E.1.

DISTIL COFFEE
SOLD BY ALL GROCERS, 3d., 6d., 9d. and 1/4 per bottle.

£20 MUST BE WON!

4 FREE ENTRY FORM

Key Letters of Advertisements	A	B	C	D	E	F	G
Fill in the Key NUMBERS of the Phrases in the appropriate spaces on the right.							

In entering this competition I agree to accept the decision of the Advertisement Director of "John Bull" as final and legally binding.

SIGNATURE .....

ADDRESS .....
(Section 4) Write clearly in ink.

Coupons for Section 4

Other Free £20 Contests appear on pages 12, 14, 16, 25, 27 & 29

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Skating to Riches

is the new aim of British girls, says Ralph Michaelis

Sonja Henie earned £60,000 in her first year as a professional—and British girls hope to do still better

WATCH those slender little girls, frowning with concentration, practising what seems to be a lesson in graceful but involved geometry.

See how their instructors never take their eyes from them for a moment, but coach them unceasingly.

The frowns and that constant teaching are worth while, for you can reckon that in a year or two many of those little girls will be winning the applause of great crowds and be well on the way to wealth.

Even now, despite their frowns, they're enjoying the elaborate silver curves they make on the dark ice. Even now, these young skaters are the envy of their friends.

Some of them took part in the British Amateur Figure Skating Championships, held in London a few days ago as the culminating point of the most brilliant season of indoor skating ever known.

No doubt about it, there's money in the new sport as well as fun.

It attracts 300,000 of you every week, apart from the huge crowds that patronise ice hockey. The turnstiles at the thirty rinks scattered about the country click up three million pounds a year.

Thousands of instructors are working overtime. Manufacturers of refrigerating plants, which cost £25,000 each, are reaping a winter harvest.

And one syndicate of business men has just decided to spend five million pounds on a network of new rinks!

So there will be bigger chances than ever for those little girls you are watching. They may do even better than Sonja Henie, who, when she retired from the amateur championships, earned £60,000 in one year by making films.

Or they can aim at eclipsing Megan Taylor, the Manchester girl, who became a world champion earlier this year. Megan has recently refused a film offer of £7,000 because she doesn't want to turn professional just yet.

Of course, they've got to work hard. Every girl who entered for this month's figure-skating contest had done at least a thousand hours' practice.

They have to spend money, too. Lessons with a first-class instructor cost £250 a year.

Moreover, there are subscriptions to clubs, fees for ballet lessons, physical culture and deportment; to say nothing of skating clothes.

Still, it's a sport in which progress is rapid.

Though at seven or eight these youngsters are merely stumbling round the rink, within a year or two they are competing in junior championships.

And at thirteen they may be good enough to make the holder of the senior lady's title take a place among the has-beens.

A few months ago I was talking to Hazel Franklin, twelve-year-old aspirant to fame and fortune, in her dressing-room in the London Coliseum, where she was appearing in the ice show, St. Moritz.

* * *

Interrupting the arithmetic lesson that she was having between acts, she confessed that her chief wish was to see the show from the front of the house, which she had been unable to do owing to her dressing-room lessons.

I don't think she succeeded in that, but I know that fame is already hers.

Now she is starring at the New York Ice Club, where she is continuing her training under ace-instructor Howard Nicholson, who coached Sonja Henie during her ten winning championship years.

Another of his pupils is Daphne Walker. She, too, has developed from a twelve-year-old child to a celebrated young woman of thirteen, and the best judges are tipping her as a certainty for the world championship in a year or two's time.

So, you see, it pays to spend anything from £2,000 to £10,000 on the skating education of a bright child.

Besides, though the big sums go only to the champions, there are plenty of well-paid jobs for less talented girls when they turn professional.

* * *

Nearly seven hundred British skaters, mostly girls, have turned professional in the last three years.

Many are earning between £5 and £30 a week as instructresses and exhibition skaters at the rinks.

Others have gone into ice revue at theatres and music-halls, where the lead gets between £50 and £100 a week, and the chorus girl draws £5 a week.

Naturally, more publicity goes to the girls, but some of the boys run them pretty close in speed and gracefulness on the ice.

Only in the Russian ballet will you see anything to compare to the superb movements of Graham Sharp, the young British boy who was runner-up in this year's world championship, and who—according to some of the experts—was unlucky not to have gained the verdict.

Ice dance clubs are a new development. But their numbers are increasing so rapidly that to-day you can do the Lambeth Walk on skates at almost any of the rinks.

Already London is the skaters' Mecca. To it are flocking champions and would-be champions from all over the world.

Swiss and Scandinavians who formerly taught us to skate now come to take lessons from us. Only in London can they get skating practice all the year round, and only from British experts can they receive the superlative instruction necessary for fame or wealth.

Pass the
PAN YAN
PICKLE
please
The famous digestive relish

FROM ALL GROCERS · 3½d., 10½d and 1/6

THE GOOD-NATURED LAXATIVE
LIXEN
of all chemists ELIXIR (Liquid) in bottles 9d. 1/9 & 3/-
LOZENGES in tins 7½ & 9½

NOT FROM THE B.B.C.

Literary Liquor

What shall we give little Eric
Now Christmas is with us once more?
Not something from which he can lick off the paint,
Nor a box of tin soldiers, his young mind to taint
With visions of glory and gore!

Not something too terribly noisy,
And not—oh, most certainly not!—
A book, lest dear Eric develop a kink
For reading, which well might affect him like drink
And cause him to grow up a sot!

MANY a person who would not dream of putting a bottle of brandy in a child's stocking is quite capable of making it a present of a book.

One is forced to assume that this is done in ignorance, the offender not having read the opinion of Dr. James Bridie, the playwright, that "It is as easy to besot oneself with reading as it is to become besotted with drinking."

Far be it from me to question the wisdom of a man clever enough to be born a Scot. But I feel that anybody who, during what is wittily called the festive season, takes Dr. Bridie too seriously is liable to disappointment.

While fermented fiction can produce drowsiness, a glazed eye and a foggy mind, the more pleasing symptoms of the alcoholiday mood are lacking.

Yet somehow this strange delusion regarding the intoxicating power of print has persisted through the centuries, for have we not the assurance of Francis Bacon that "Reading maketh a full man"?

Maybe, but not so full as some could wish. After all, one can be full of facts and quotations and still have room for a spot of turkey and a noggin to keep the cold out.

In any case, the Englishman is no more likely to get sozzled on literature than he is to practise semi-nudism with the aid of bare knees.

Dr. Bridie's brither Scots, of course, are different.

When some bonnie friends forc-gather and each one of them's named Mac,
Then it dinna greatly matter if of whusky there's a lack!

"A braw Scotch nicht . . ."

If there're books upon the sideboard ev'rything will be all richt,
And the clansmen will make ready for a braw Scotch nicht!

When they creep home in the morning and endeavour to explain
To the wee sma' wifie waitin', all their pleas will be in vain,
For each bonnie Jess and Maggie will feel sure her Mac is tight—
Though he's merely been assisting at a highbrow night!

Y. Z.

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2. You can't do better than try it.
3. They all come back for more.
4. To be so popular it must be good.
5. Goes further—lasts longer.
6. Worthy of its reputation for economy and quality.
7. Everybody's Favourite.

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Fitting Phrases, "John Bull,"
57-59, Long Acre,
London, W.C.2.

Enter also for £20 Prizes on other pages—all entries may be included in same envelope.

A

B

I'm Mother's Help —Like OXO for Cup or Cooking

C

GOOD COOKS USE BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER

THAT'S WHY THEY'RE GOOD COOKS

D

Beautifully PATTERNED and HYGIENIC inside CHROME-PLATE ALUMINIUM

The great distinction of Willo Ware is that the inside of each article is made perfectly plain... There are no crevices to catch dregs or dirt—and cleaning is no more than a quick wipe with a damp cloth. The Willow pattern is cleverly worked on the outside. This Teapot, part of the Teaset, costs 7/6.

ALUMINIUM IN A Bright New Dress

WAN BRAN

Send for the leaflet "The Tale of the Willow Pattern."

BULPITT & SONS LTD., DEPT. 22., CAMDEN ST., BIRMINGHAM, 1.

E

USE KOLYNOS

The Most Economical Tooth Paste

KOLYNOS is so highly concentrated that a little goes a very long way. Only half-an-inch, used preferably on a DRY brush, *cleans* and *preserves* the teeth, keeping the mouth in a wonderfully fresh and healthy condition. Start cultivating that twice-a-day KOLYNOS habit NOW.

Of all Chemists & Stores,
1/06. and 1/-
TRIAL SIZE 6D.

F

Brooke Bond Dividend Coffee Essence

Perfect Coffee, no waste,
Cash Dividends to your taste
10d. bottle
THE LARGEST TENPENNY ON THE MARKET

G

You taste the good Beef

and the fresh vegetables in FOSTER CLARK'S SOUPS—and they're as nourishing as they are appetising. For a real warming winter treat serve them to the family.

2½d. SQUARE MAKES 5 PLATES
1d. SQUARE 2 PLATES

FOSTER CLARK'S SOUPS

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(Section 5) Write clearly in ink.

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Coupons for Section 5

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(Section 5) Write clearly in ink.

Reader's Story by W. B. Leonard, 41, Rosslyn Hill, London, N.W.3

A Sprig of HOLLY

The Hermit was weak and ill, and his home was the most squalid place I had ever seen

NO one in the village knew his name. He was just the Hermit, who lived in a ramshackle hut on Ilkla Moor, high above Keighley, Yorkshire.

There was a legend that he had shut himself away from his fellow men because of a lovers' quarrel in his youth.

But villagers like to talk, and I didn't take much stock of their opinions.

My job as a reporter for a northern newspaper was to get an interview with and find out how he managed to scrape a living in the wilderness.

I trudged three miles across the heather and knocked at his door.

"Who's there?" asked a feeble voice.

I didn't bother to explain. I walked in.

The Hermit lay on a bed of filthy sacking. He was weak and ill; his home was the most squalid place I had ever seen.

He was willing to talk about everything except the reason for his self-imposed exile. At last he said:

"Well, my boy, it was like this. A long time ago I was in love with a girl in Keighley. I thought she loved me, but I must have made a mistake, because two days before we were to be married she ran away with another man. It broke my heart.

"I wanted to escape from everything, I couldn't bear the sight of people—that is why I came to live up here on Ilkla Moor.

"But I have one consolation. She has never forgotten me.

"I don't know whether she's happily married or not. I don't think she is happy. You see, she still sends me a sprig of holly every Christmas—just to let me know that she's alive. . . ."

After that he changed the subject.

Eventually, I turned up my coat collar, pulled my scarf closer around my neck, and tramped through the slush back to the Keighley Road.

FROM the village I telephoned my newspaper, and because the Hermit's sprig of holly had captured my imagination I played it up in my "story."

It made the front page, and when a telegram of congratulation arrived I felt quite proud of myself.

Still, newspapermen forget their scoops quickly, and so in a week or two the old Hermit's love-affair passed from my mind.

Then the telephone bell rang.

"Bill," said my news editor's voice, "remember that old Hermit on Ilkla Moor you interviewed? Well, he's been found dead. It might be a murder. Get busy on it, will you, old man?"

I hired a car this time, and soon I was at the door of the Hermit's hut. It was opened by a police constable, bull-necked and florid.

He looked so warm in his blue uniform with the cape about his shoulders. I was shivering.

He didn't like newspapermen.

"Sorry, officer," I said, trying to flatter him. "I don't want to interfere with your work, but I'm from the *Daily Blank*, you know.

"Can you give me the low-down on this business? I'm told the Hermit's been murdered. But you know how it is—people get hold of all kinds of stories."

"Murdered!" he scoffed. "Murdered. Who would want to murder the Hermit?

"THE old boy just died of age and cold and hunger — 'natural death' will be the inquest verdict."

"Nothing at all unusual?"

"Well, we had a bit of a job prising his fingers open—and then what d'ye think we found? Just a sprig of holly! Men get queer notions, you know, when they shut themselves away as this old bird did."

A sprig of holly!

I didn't ask any more questions. That was quite enough for me.

I raced back to my office and telephoned the story of the recluse who had died clutching the token of the woman he had loved, the woman who had turned him down for another, and for whose sake he had gone into the wilderness.

Next morning, I opened my paper and saw the headline: "Hermit Dies Clutching Sprig of Holly."

There was half a column underneath it. They had certainly done me well.

I felt pretty bucked, but I couldn't forget the old Hermit and how he had died, forgotten by everyone save the woman who had once jilted him.

I wondered how she was feeling, whether the sprig of holly she sent him every Christmas was just a salve to her conscience, and whether she really cared.

Two days later I knew.

My landlady brought me a letter from the office. Inside was another envelope, addressed "To the Reporter who wrote about the Hermit, Daily Blank, ——, Yorkshire."

I opened the flap and took out two pressed leaves of holly and a short note, which said:—"I don't know when this letter will reach you, for I have addressed it to your office, but I know they will send it on.

"You paid a great tribute to the man I loved—and still love. I wish I had found out my mistake before I left him.

"He found a kind of happiness, living alone in the moors. I have found only unhappiness.

"I DON'T know why I should open my heart to a stranger, but I feel that, though you met him only for a few minutes during the course of your interview, you understood him. . . ."

I am keeping those two pressed leaves of holly, and the note in which they were enclosed.

Send us your story of real-life adventure, not exceeding 1,200 words. £5 5s. is paid for each story published. A stamped addressed envelope should be sent with each contribution.

ARE you *afraid* to sit down to a good Christmas dinner—afraid because of the agony of wind and indigestion that you know will follow? If so, then your trouble is almost certainly *excess acid*; your stomach is producing too much acid and this acid is fermenting your food and irritating the delicate stomach lining. What you want is 'Bisurated' Magnesia, the standard antacid. 'Bisurated' Magnesia instantly neutralises the dangerous, ulcerating excess acid, giving you immediate relief. A dose of 'Bisurated' Magnesia after meals and indigestion disappears like magic. It is used and prescribed by doctors everywhere for all digestive troubles. Get a bottle to-day.

You want 'Bisurated' Magnesia

Prices: Powder, 1/3 & 2/6. Tablets: 6d., 1/3 & 2/6.

Act at Once

You can still obtain JOHN BULL'S Free Christmas Gift if you act at once.

The two **FREE** Gift Vouchers which appear on page 4 are valid until December 31—one worth 2s. 9d., the other worth 7s. 6d.

You may have one or both of these magnificent Writing Sets—but you must decide now if you wish to obtain the most sensational gift offer of the year.

Turn to page 4, study the illustrations and descriptions of the two Writing Sets and cash your Gift Vouchers to-day.

Race with "Silver Ring"

Mouldy Stake Money

IF we could bank upon weather such as we had in the early weeks of the season in which to go 'chasing, National Hunt racing would seriously challenge the popularity of the sport on the flat.

Attendances have been so good that some of the executives must have been a little ashamed of the comparatively paltry amount of prize-money they have put up. It is this matter of finance that has tended to keep the jumping game in the position of the poor relation—the stakes to be won have not been worth the attention of the wealthier type of owner, and success over the sticks does not materially enhance the value of horses unless, of course, they shape like potential Grand National winners.

I talked with a racecourse official at a recent meeting and chided him upon the meagre amount of stake money awarded at his two-day fixture. "Yes," he said, "and if we had the weather we reasonably expect at this time of year, there wouldn't be half so many people present, and the meeting would be run at a substantial loss which we couldn't hope to make good at subsequent N.H. fixtures."

There is no doubt a deal of truth in this, though there is another aspect of the matter. I am a great believer in the bold policy. Big money attracts the top-class horses, and good horses draw the crowd no matter what the climatic conditions.

As matters stand, there are not half a dozen serious contests between the best 'chasers in the period between the Liverpool November meeting and the well-endowed Grand National "Trials," over the park courses, which commence in February.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code covers racing from Thursday, December 22, to Wednesday, December 28.

B A K X U Z R 98 N 96 G E D V H J
I 95 S O Y 97 L W T P 94 M P Q C 93

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald*, read those above or below, as the case may be. Example: DLBHSMN would read PRICKET.

Where a double letter occurs in a name the figure 2 is substituted. KTX297M would read SNOOZE.

£20 MUST BE WON FITTING PHRASES NO ENTRANCE FEE

On this page are reproduced seven advertisements and a series of descriptive phrases. Which phrase do you consider best applies to each advertisement? A prize of £20 will be awarded to the reader who on either form submits the correct or nearest correct placing of the seven phrases in the most appropriate manner as decided by the Advertisement Director of "John Bull." In the event of a tie the prize of £20 will be equally divided. The prize of £20 must be won. THERE IS NO ENTRANCE FEE—all that you have to do is to study carefully the advertisements and the phrases on this page. Each advertisement has a LETTER in the top left-hand corner and each of the phrases is NUMBERED. On the Entry Form below indicate in INK the way in which the seven phrases in your opinion apply most aptly to each of the seven advertisements by writing PHRASE NUMBERS in the blank spaces underneath the LETTERS on Coupon. No phrase may be used more than once. No correspondence will be entered into. Send your entries in an envelope sealed (1½d. stamp).

CLOSING DATE:
Wed., Jan. 11th, 1939.
The name of the winner or winners will be announced in "John Bull" issue published Thursday, Feb. 9.

FIT THESE PHRASES—ENTER ON COUPONS BELOW

1. You may pay more—you won't do better.
2. You can't do better than try it.
3. They all come back for more.
4. To be so popular it must be good.
5. Goes further—lasts longer.
6. Worthy of its reputation for economy and quality.
7. Everybody's Favourite.

ADDRESS ENTRIES:
Fitting Phrases, "John Bull,"
57-59, Long Acre,
London, W.C.2.

Enter also for £20 Prizes on other pages—all entries may be included in same envelope.

A

Good to look at
Good to eat
Good for Health
that's

SHREDDED WHEAT

B

Simple as Pie

LUSCIOUS MINCE PIES

made with

Robertson's Mincemeat

A dozen other Mincemeat dainties, too. Ask your grocer for FREE Robertson's Recipe Leaflets.

C

BUY

O'K

TUNIS DATES

SAVE THE COLOURED LABELS FOR VALUABLE FREE GIFTS

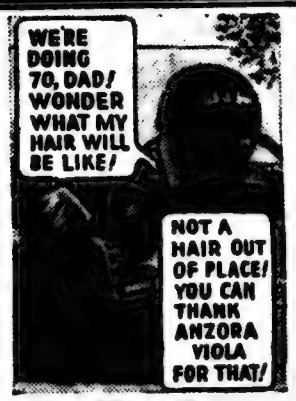
E. A. O'KELLY & Co. Ltd.
FLORAL HALL, COVENT GARDEN
LONDON, W.C.2.

D

"A smart, well-groomed appearance counts—*always!* That's why I've used ANZORA VIOLA myself for 40 years—it keeps your hair neat and glossy, without the slightest hint of greasiness or "flaking."

ANZORA — a perfectly emulsified cream, non-greasy, will not soil hats or pillows. ANZORA VIOLA, containing special tonic oils for *dry* scalps.

In Bottles, 1/-, 1/3., and 2/3.



ANZORA VIOLA MASTERS THE HAIR

E

You'll win on "POINTS"!

A glass of real good wine will win good health for you—and at 2/- a bottle it's easy to afford. POINT Wines are produced and bottled by Vine Products Ltd., at Kingston, Surrey, and sold by wine merchants, etc., everywhere. Ask for these POINT Wines:—

RED POINT Rich, ruby wine of Port character.
WHITE POINT White Sweet wine of Port character.
AMBER POINT British Sherry of supreme quality.
GREEN POINT (2/6 a bottle) Full strength Ginger Wine.

2/- A BOTTLE and other sizes

POINT BRAND *Wines*

F

for your Throat

Guard your throat against infectious winter ills with these delicious pastilles. They are absolutely pure and contain the juice of ripe blackcurrants.

Allenburys
GLYCERINE & BLACKCURRANT
PASTILLES

FROM ALL CHEMISTS, 8d. & 1/3.

G

"It keeps the home so bright and healthy"

Mansion Polish
FOR FLOORS, FURNITURE AND LINOLEUM
In tins 3d., 6d. and larger sizes
CHISWICK PRODUCTS LTD., LONDON, W.4.

£20 MUST BE WON!

6 FREE ENTRY FORM

Key Letters of Advertisements	A	B	C	D	E	F	G
Fill in the Key NUMBERS of the Phrases in the appropriate spaces on the right.							

In entering this competition I agree to accept the decision of the Advertisement Director of "John Bull" as final and legally binding.

SIGNATURE .....

ADDRESS .....

(Section 6) Write clearly in ink.

Coupons for Section 6

Other Free £20 Contests appear on pages 12, 14, 16, 23, 25 & 29

6 FREE ENTRY FORM

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SIGNATURE .....

ADDRESS .....

(Section 6) Write clearly in Ink.

CHRISTMAS SHORT STORY

specially written for "John Bull"

By Will Scott

OVERTURE

Bertram Barr looked up into the eyes of Mr. Wellington Wills and saw a flush sweep across his cheeks

WHEN the High-Steppers ceased to step collectively, and individually began to think of pantomime, pantomime was as good as *here*.

Not many concert parties get as far as the last week in October. They die by the sea when the last tripper goes, but the High-Steppers had followed the tripper to his inland home and continued to collect the coin.

The last week in October saw the curtain down for the last time.

Costumes for dukes and dustmen, counts and costers, servant-maids and shepherdesses were tossed back into their hampers ready for return to Ashberg and Bell's, not so very much the worse for a season's hire.

Music was tucked away in the dark until the summer came again. Good-byes were said.

You couldn't call any of them broke. A few weeks' rest, and more, wouldn't have ruined one of them.

But High-Stepping gets in your blood. They were talking of pantomime before the curtain went up that last night. They were talking of pantomime after the curtain came down.

And as they walked through the rain to their lodgings they were still talking of pantomime.

Bertram Barr thought it might be a good idea. He had never tried pantomime.

At the age of twenty-four there were still plenty of things left for him to try.

Pantomime.... Yes, it was an idea.

On the Sunday morning, when only forty minutes were left for the train, he woke up with a jerk, still thinking of pantomime.

He dressed, still thinking of pantomime. Yes, a very good idea indeed. He reached for his cigarette-case, still thinking of pantomime....

And couldn't find his cigarette-case.

Come to think of it, he couldn't remember putting it on the dressing-table last night.

Usually he did, but last night, in the excitement of the end of the show and the enthusiasm of the talk about pantomime, somehow—well, he couldn't remember.

He lifted his jacket off its hook, put it on and went through the pockets. No cigarette-case. Funny.... He looked on the floor.

"Must have left it at the Floral Hall," he murmured.

It was a good cigarette-case and something more. He didn't want to lose it.

He hurried his breakfast, settled his bill and dashed round to the Floral Hall.

George the doorkeeper was already there. George the doorkeeper, some people said, was *always* there.

"Back again, sir!" said George the doorkeeper.

"Left my cigarette-case last night," Bertram Barr explained, dashing along the passage.

He looked everywhere there was to look in the bare and empty dressing-rooms.

But he could find no cigarette-case.

He returned to the stage door.

"Not there!" he said.

"Silver cigarette-case, isn't it, sir?" said George the doorkeeper.

"That's right."

"I know it. I've seen you with it. Well, if it turns up, sir, I'll send it on to you."

"Thanks very much, George."

Bertram Barr left half-a-crown with the old man to cover postage and his trouble, and also because, like everybody, he had taken a fancy to George the doorkeeper.

Then he dashed out of the Floral Hall, dashed down the street, dashed into the station, and just got to the train as the boys and girls were taking their seats.

They were still talking about pantomime....

Being twenty-four, and newish to the game, Bertram Barr did most of the listening.

Somebody asked him what his line was.

"As a matter of fact," he answered, "I've never tried it. Demon King, I suppose. That's the only use they have for baritones in pantomime, isn't it?"

At King's Cross the High-Steppers said good-bye "till next year," well knowing that next year might find them all counties apart.

Bertram Barr, baritone, found two comfortable rooms, fairly cheap, near the British Museum, where he turned to the small advertisements in *The Stage* and thoughts of the immediate future.

Pantomimes, it seemed, were getting ready everywhere. He pencilled little crosses against the probables and then a double cross against the most probable of the lot.

Mr. Morris Maybell, the well-known agent, was already engaging for "Dick Whittington"—panto boys, panto girls, Fitz, Cat, Rat, Idle Jack, Sarah, Emperor (baritone, part); all lines; dress well; six weeks certain.

And you had to be there, which was Mr. Morris Maybell's office in Charing Cross Road, at ten o'clock on Tuesday morning if you wanted to stand the first chance.

Emperor (baritone part)....

And Bertram Barr, baritone, came to the conclusion that there would be no harm in trying. Dress well? He did. And six weeks would be quite useful. Give him time to look round.

Tuesday morning at ten o'clock. He was there at a quarter-to. He thought he might get in first. He got in fiftieth.

The salaries paid by the people Mr. Morris Maybell represented might not be the highest in the profession (indeed, they were known not to be), but there were plenty of panto boys, panto girls, Fitzes, Cats, Rats and others wanting to take it on.

For the first hour or so you could hardly breathe.

Mr. Morris Maybell's offices were on the first floor, over a shop which was to let, and the experienced ones were above in his outer office.

The others were on the staircase, moving up a step at a time as the lucky and unlucky ones came out from seeing Mr. Morris Maybell himself.

At ten minutes past eleven precisely Bertram Barr had reached Mr. Morris Maybell's outer office.

By this time the word had gone round. The Citizens of London (doubling Natives of Morocco) were all fixed.

Panto boys and panto girls were fixed.

Fits and Jack and Sarah, the Cat and the Rat—they were all fixed. A number of smallish parts remained.

One was First Mate. Another was Emperor of Morocco (baritone).

They went in. They came out.

Soon only four of them were left in the outer office, with two parts to go. Mr. Morris Maybell's secretary (who herself looked like a thousand a year) put her head out of Mr. Morris Maybell's private office door and called for First Mates.

One went in. Which left three of them for the Emperor.

Bertram Barr tried to size up his rivals. One was a youngish man with red hair who didn't appear to have paid much attention to the "dress well" part of the advertisement. The other was the man who was looking out of the window.

The man who was looking out of the window had said good-bye to youth a long time ago, but there was a certain jauntiness about him and a certain something else in the way he wore his well-cut clothes.

But it was neither his jauntiness nor his certain something that made Bertram Barr look at him twice. Something about the man was familiar.

Bertram Barr had the idea that he knew him, or ought to know him; had met him somewhere, some time, perhaps.

And then the man who was looking out of the window and turned round. And Bertram Barr *didn't* know him.

Which was puzzling.

"Well, dear boys," said the aging man, "we've got so far, so that so far we've been lucky."

Bertram Barr smiled and the red-haired youngster nodded.

"Emperor?" asked the aging man.

"If the luck holds," said Bertram Barr.

"If!" said the red-haired one.

"Well, it's got to be one of us." The aging man surveyed himself in a mirror, gave a little tug to his immaculate tie, and seemed to be more than pleased with his own appearance.

(Continued on page 30)

He Struck a Match . . .

THERE was just time for a cup of tea before he set out to his job in a local warehouse.

So a Glasgow man walked into the kitchenette of his home, filled the kettle, turned the tap which operated the boiling-ring of his gas-cooker, and struck a match.

Next moment he thought the house had toppled round his ears.

The cooker lay before him so much useless wreckage and the contents of the kitchenette were destroyed.

Such was the force of the explosion that the house itself was so badly shaken that soot came cascading down the chimney of the living-room, damaging rugs and other articles.

Electric light globes were shattered.

Standing in contemplation of it all, the householder realised that he had been lucky to escape serious injury.

However could such an accident happen? Well, they told him later that the oven tap had probably been left on, and the mixture of gas and air in the oven had reached its most explosive point just as he struck the match.

But there was something more important than reasons for the accident to think about. There were the results of it—the cost of getting his home in order again.

JOHN BULL paid for that.

Because he had the foresight to sign a coupon which he had found in JOHN BULL, thus qualifying for the protection of our unique free family insurance gift, we sent him a cheque which covered the damage.

* * *

Such things may happen in the best-ordered homes.

Even in yours.

What about signing a similar coupon *now*—before you forget? There's one for your benefit on page 2.

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Fitting Phrases, "John Bull,"
57-59, Long Acre,
London, W.C.2.

Enter also for £20 Prizes on other pages—all entries may be included in same envelope.

A

'For that clean fresh feeling..

use
EUTHYMOL TOOTH PASTE
Its delightful 'tang' makes it such a pleasure to use. Send for a free sample to Dept. 67a/107 Euthymol 50, Beak Street, London, W.1, then buy the large 1s. 3d. convenient spring cap tube from your chemist.

B

REST ASSURED

Cow & Gate
VITAMIN "D"
MALTED MILK
is the finest
'NIGHTCAP'

©2394

C

"but VANTELLA *SHIRTS have unshrinkable neckbands"*

Vantella shirts are made with semi-stiff cuffs, in a large variety of designs from unshrinkable fadeless cloths. Price 9/6d. in Zephyr. 10/9d. in Poplin. Van Heusen semi-stiff collars to match, 1/3d. each extra.

Shirts by
VANTELLA *reg.*
Collars to match by
VAN HEUSEN *reg.*
'Van Heusen' neckbands, semi-stiff collars and cuffs are made exclusively by Harding, Tilson & Hartley Ltd., London. Vantella shirts by Catella Ltd., 14, Moor Lane, E.C.2.

D

DOES HE GREET YOU LIKE THIS?

Is your dog full of pep and vitality? He cannot be happy unless he is fit, and George Bell's Dog Powders are a wonderful conditioner. This modern remedy deals effectively with poor appetite, scratching, loose coat, and bad condition generally. 1s 6d. 6d. from your Chemist or Dog Shop.
YOUR DOG INSPECTED FOR 21 Ins. FREE.
Ask when you buy your George Bell's Dog Powders.
BELL & SONS LTD.,
Veterinary Chemists, Liverpool 13

George Bells
DOG POWDERS

E

have you a friend who shaves?
give him a
ROLLS RAZOR
SELF-HONING
SELF-STROPPING
21/- 27/6
PRESENTATION SETS UP TO 20 ins.

F

'It's going to be a Happy Christmas'

Thousands of one-time sufferers from stomach trouble will enjoy a hearty Christmas meal—thanks to Meggeson's. These wonderful tablets quickly relieve flatulence, heartburn, acidity and internal pain. Test them yourself. Buy a bottle of Meggeson Bismuth Dyspepsia Tablets at your Chemist. Price 1/3.

MEGGESON
BISMUTH
DYSPEPSIA TABLETS
READ

G

MIN means less elbow grease!

The modern housewife prefers Min for cleaning her enamel paint and polishing her highly polished furniture because it is so much easier.
Tins 6d. & 1-.

MIN CREAM
FOR ALL HIGHLY POLISHED SURFACES
CHISWICK PRODUCTS LTD., LONDON, W.4.
M.CF.16

7 FREE ENTRY FORM

Key Letters of Advertisements	A	B	C	D	E	F	G
Fill in the Key NUMBERS of the Phrases in the appropriate spaces on the right.							

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SIGNATURE .....

ADDRESS .....

(Section 7) Write clearly in ink.

£20 MUST BE WON!

Coupons for Section 7

Other Free £20 Contests appear on pages 12, 14, 16, 23, 25 & 27

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SIGNATURE .....

ADDRESS .....

(Section 7) Write clearly in Ink.

Use your XMAS LEISURE to win a PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR!
CAPTURE OFFER
£1,000
IN £1 WEEKLY FOR LIFE
WEEKLY "JOHN BULL" PENSION CHEQUES DURING NEXT 20 YEARS AT RATE OF
£250 CASH IF WINNER PREFERS LUMP SUM AT ONCE
£100 NEW YEAR CASH BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP
Up to £100
Big 10-to-1 HAMPERS
with Runners-up prize of £1 and over whose winner has taken advantage of FREE NEW YEAR PRIVILEGE BELOW
FREE NEW YEAR PRIVILEGE
with each 3 paid (or prize) Entries from "John Bull" or "Crossword Gazette," you may submit a 4th Entry ABSOLUTELY FREE.

READ THESE RULES.

1.—Make entry in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil. Entry-fee is at the rate of sixpence for each two squares submitted. Competitors submitting entries from either JOHN BULL or JOHN BULL'S "Crossword Gazette" allowed 2 FREE squares with each 6 squares accompanied by P.O. for 1s. 6d. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it / & Co. / ; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form. Entry Form to be posted as directed (not delivered by hand), to reach us not later than Thursday, January 5, 1939.

2.—Each entrant is limited to 16 sixpenny entries, each on an Entry Form provided in this or any other announcement of this Contest. Further squares will appear on this page in next week's issue.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on Entry-square alongside will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided, or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

4.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, January 19. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, January 24, in accordance with the directions given with result and enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up Prize. Accordingly entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

5.—Should the First Prize be shared, £250 cash will be paid instead of the Pension Award.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

Terms and Conditions on page 21.

LIFE PENSION AND CASH FREE

Each sender of Crossword Entry value 1s. 6d. or over is entitled to enclose one "Bullets" Coupon ABSOLUTELY FREE for Pension and Cash Offer appearing on page 35, observing "Bullets" closing postmark of Sat., Dec. 31. See also enclosure privilege on "Bullets" page.

ADDRESS ENTRY:

CROSSWORD No. 136, "JOHN BULL," 87, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.)

ACROSS CLUES.

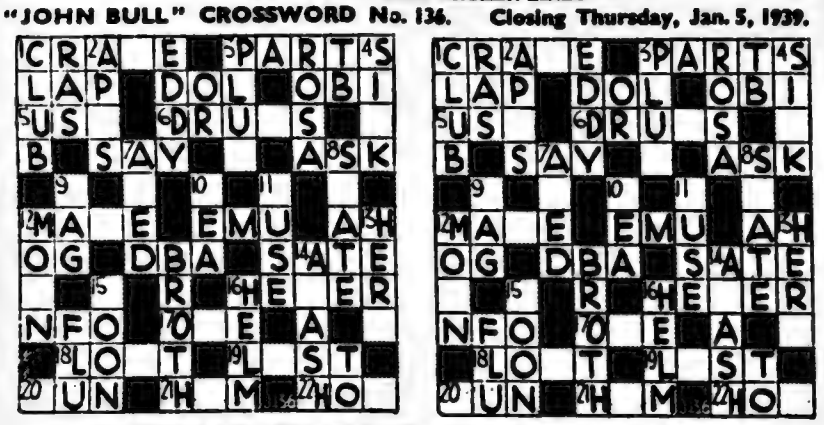
1. Is bound to be strong
5. Employ
9. Some people can easily be stimulated by use of these
12. Running one isn't likely to make you much money
13. One who hears
17. Writer of verses should have no difficulty in composing
18. Is rude and clumsy in some cases
19. Man who is this at work is not likely to get on
20. There's something wrong when one is fired without warning
21. Often proves difficult to cure
22. Sometimes carries bricks

DOWN CLUES.

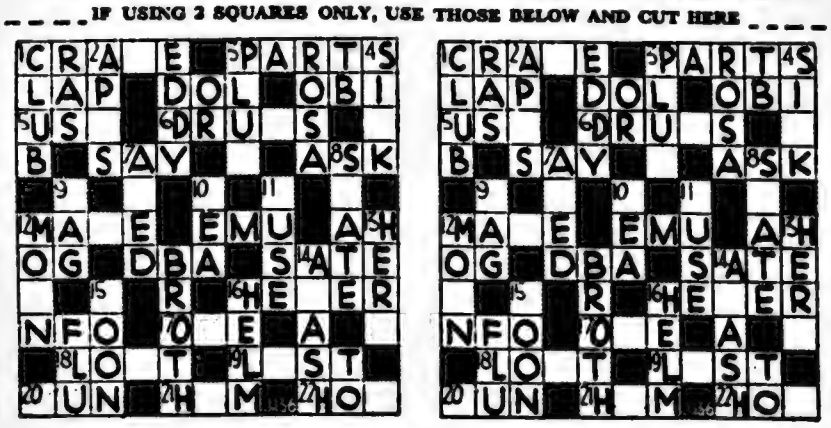
2. Tailless monkeys
3. Is occasionally made out of paper
4. It seems foolish to do big lot of washing in this
7. There are times when people resent being this
8. A lot is written on this of public-house
9. Authorities are often worried when one breaks out
10. White horses are sometimes seen on it
11. This occasionally takes the form of wire
12. Long unemployment naturally makes a man do this
13. Eccentric military leader is not one to follow
14. Washed by the waves
15. Lunch time is, for most workers

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 136. Closing Thursday, Jan. 5, 1939.



IF USING 2 SQUARES ONLY, USE THOSE BELOW AND CUT HERE



In entering this competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose Postal Order

Value.....No.....
With 2 squares send P.O. for 6d.
With 4 squares send P.O. for 1s.

2 SQUARES 6d.
4 SQUARES 1s.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Accept "John Bull's" NEW YEAR GIFT OFFER!

Hundreds of JOHN BULL readers are not yet benefiting by the practical aid of our CROSSWORD GAZETTE; on the other hand, scores of big winners declare that they would never have succeeded without its aid.

To widen the circle of Crossworders who regularly receive our weekly budget of hints for would-be winners, JOHN BULL makes to-day a remarkable New Year Celebration Offer.

Simply enclose the Gift Voucher below with a paid entry of squares requiring 1s. Entry-fee or more. Apart from your Life Pension opportunities, you thus secure a SIX WEEKS' FREE AND POST-FREE SUPPLY OF THE FINEST WEEKLY HELP WHICH WOULD-BE WINNERS CAN OBTAIN.

CUT ALONG HERE

Free "Gazette" Gift Voucher

I accept "John Bull's" FREE NEW YEAR GIFT OFFER of 6 weeks' post-paid supply of "Crossword Gazette" and qualify by enclosing.....6d. paid entries with P.O. Value..... No.....

Signed .....

Address .....

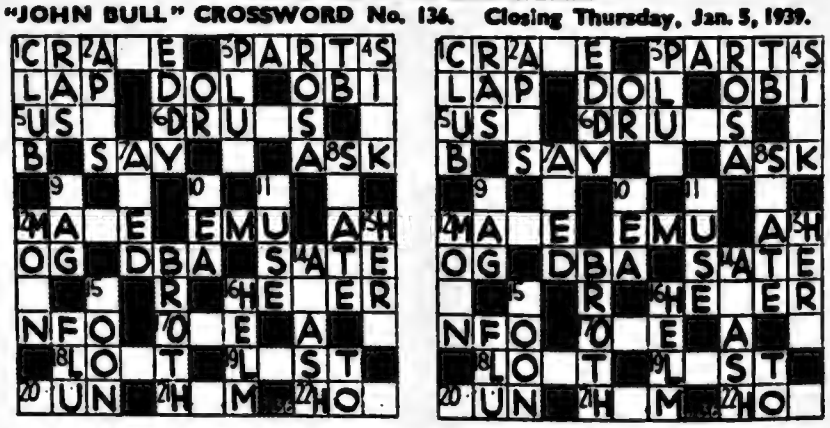
.....

Available only if enclosed with not less than 4 squares and P.O. value 1s. for Crossword No. 136.

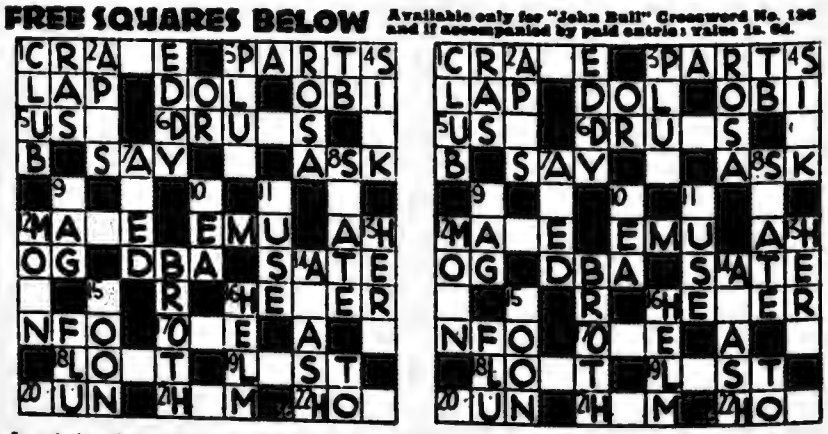
N.B.—If already receiving "Crossword Gazette" weekly, mark X in this space.

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 136. Closing Thursday, Jan. 5, 1939.



FREE SQUARES BELOW Available only for "John Bull" Crossword No. 136 and if accompanied by paid entries: value 1s. 6d.



In entering this competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose Postal Order

Value..... No. .....
Two squares above FREE if sending 6 squares with P.O. for 1s. 6d.

6 SQUARES 1s. 6d. allowing 2 SQUARES FREE

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

The Editor...

"Bullets" Illustrated:

For What He Forgets—

Henpeck, Gets What For!

PRODUCER (Sheffield). — "At a theatrical show I put on recently, a well-known actor came round at the fall of the curtain." Did it take him long to come round?

INDEPENDENT (Aston).—"What would I be now if it hadn't been for my wife?" Single.

D. L. (Chelmsford).—"Whatever makes so many bridge-players bad-tempered?" Bridge.

G. T. (Witton).—"He is one of the most enterprising men in the electrical trade." A live wire, eh?

L. C. (Blackwell).—"When I reckon up my affairs, it seems there is nothing I can count on." What about your fingers?

S. D. B. (Romsey).—"My mother suggests that my young man is rather fast." But you explained that he isn't fast enough to get away?

E. P. (Tring).—"There are to be radio talks on how to make Christmas parties go." One good old stand-by is a radio talk.

E. W. (Dudley).—"I'm the smartest speller in the whole of our school. I don't think I could spell incorrectly if I tried." I-n-c-o-r-r-e-c-t-l-y.

G. B. (Edgware).—"I notice that my neighbour has had a statue erected in his garden." Look again. It may be a jobbing gardener sweeping up the leaves.

W. D. (Exeter).—"When I entered the old-world cottage, what do you think first caught my eye?" One of the oak beams?

DICK (York).—"It is my experience that one can go far step by step." One can go farther and quicker by missing 'em.

P. T. (Cobham).—"I think the expression 'Oh, definitely' has become common and hackneyed and should be forbidden, don't you?" Oh, definitely!

T. N. (Hampstead).—"I have an idea that the night club I went to has a secret cellar." We have an idea that the night club we went to *was* a secret cellar.

M. L. (Leeds).—"Mild winter weather tempts birds to delay their migratory journeys, and this is often fatal for them." Especially turkeys.

ZOOLOGIST (London).—"Animals in captivity make far less fuss about taking medicine than human beings do." What about when a giraffe is given a gargle?

W. B. (Leatherhead).—"All-in wrestling is not a sport I should care to take up." You may have to if you carve the turkey this Christmas.

SANDY (Dundee).—"The doctor said my recovery was largely due to my own powers of resistance." In those circumstances you took steps to get the fee reduced?

R. M. (Doncaster).—"I am giving up my stationer's business next month, and am anxious to get a lot of ink off my hands quickly." Well, try hot water and pumice-stone.

E. M. (London, N.).—"Although I am only a waitress, I have been chosen to play the part of Dick Whittington in a provincial pantomime." Well, mind you do not deliberately ignore Bow Bells from force of habit.

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you.

A stamped, addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query, which should be written in ink. Write to-day, marking your envelope "Free Advice." The replies given here to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

...Laughs Last

S. G. (London, E.).—"If I can preserve my good name I shall be rich enough." What's your name—Gold?

C. R. (Towton).—"I know enough about football to act as referee in a village match." We know enough not to.

W. V. (Colindale).—"The best-tempered man I know is quite colour-blind." You mean he never sees red.

R. N. (Swansea).—"What would you say if I told you that fairy lights sometimes illuminate the hills around here?" That it was all moonshine.

W. B. (St. Albans).—"There is said to be a shortage of rabbits in country districts." The Christmas conjuring season is the reason for that.

WRITER (Bedford).—"Whenever I can't sleep, I read over what I have written during the day." And that soon sends you off?

R. M. (Heston).—"In many things the modern woman leaves mere man standing still." So you have been waiting outside the shops while the wife did her Christmas shopping?

D. A. G. (Loudwater).—"In New Zealand I once attended a very gay party when suddenly there was a severe earthquake." Then, we suppose, things began to fall rather flat.

R. M. (Stevenage).—"I am starting an intensive campaign to compel owners of Alsatian dogs to keep their brutes muzzled." Something seems to have bitten you.

P. T. A. (Liverpool).—"I suggest there should be prizes for these intelligence tests." You're twenty-six years late. There are Life Pension prizes in the intelligence tests on pages 34 and 35.

T. K. (Clitheroe).—"Have you ever known a woman set out on a shopping expedition and take the very first thing offered to her?" Yes, when it happens to be a chair.

A. McC. (Airdrie).—"I don't spend money visiting cinemas as so many fools do." You get in free?

S. N. (Hove).—"Women are learning to drive all over the country." Some, however, manage to keep to the roads.

D. H. (Newcastle).—"At a recent political meeting, the speaker said that women are not such good schemers as men." Then he can never have had any Irish stew.

D. L. (Esher).—"The moon continually throws back wireless waves from the earth." But by now the B.B.C. is used to criticism from all quarters.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person, that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

SALISBURY AND WINCHESTER JOURNAL:—"... and the summer pastime of capturing rare MONTHS might even be continued to Christmas."

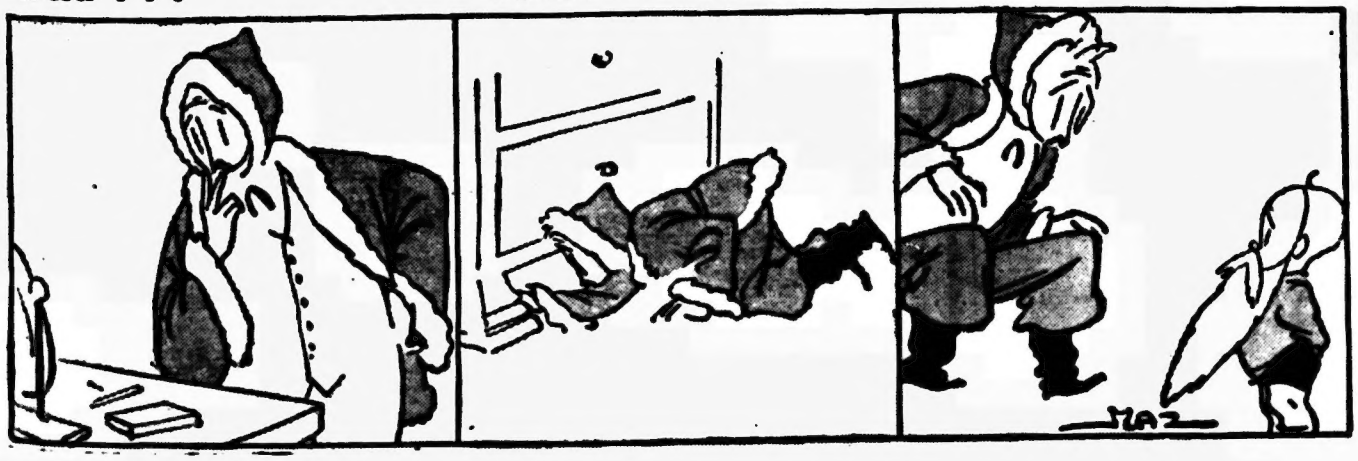
KENTISH TIMES:—"The most usual charges made in an election petition relate to illegal payments, downright bribery and UNTRUE influence."

THE DAILY MAIL:—"... and Lord Provost N——, returned unopposed in the DECENT poll, will continue in the civic chair for another three years."

THE NEWCASTLE JOURNAL:—"... by running out about 500 yards of HORSE to a hydrant ..."

LISTON OBSERVER:—"... had been given out in relief vouchers and 18 joints of MEN had been sent out at Christmas."

Dad ... Loses his Beard by Maz



"My thoughts grow in the aroma of that particular tobacco."
(Earl Baldwin, Dundee, 1925)

Presbyterian Mixture

A. GALE & CO., LTD., GLASGOW.

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in JOHN BULL carries with it a "money-back" guarantee:—

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—TESTED JB In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona fides of all advertisements in JOHN BULL.

Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in JOHN BULL and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED,
Proprietors of JOHN BULL.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

without Calomel—and you'll jump out of bed in the morning full of vim and vigour

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk, and the world looks punk.

Laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carters Brand Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3 and 3/-

Turn to the free
"FITTING PHRASES" COMPETITION
on pages 12, 14, 16, 23, 25, 27 & 29.
£140 in Cash Prizes must be WON.

A GOOD PIPE TOBACCO FOR 9d. ONLY

Here is the name!

A REVELATION at 9d. per ounce. Medium-strength brown leaf, cool and lasting. Specially packed to preserve character and weight. At all tobacconists.

One-ounce moisture-proof packets **9d** *'Lucky Jim' Shag 1-ounce packets* 8d
Two-ounce tins **1/6**

GODFREY PHILLIPS LIMITED

PLEASE
GIVE GENEROUSLY

in response to the appeal by

LORD SOUTHWOOD

on behalf of the

BRITISH "WIRELESS FOR THE BLIND" FUND

to be broadcast on

CHRISTMAS NIGHT AT 8-50

(All B.B.C. Stations)

Donations should be sent to: LORD SOUTHWOOD, *British "Wireless for the Blind" Fund, 226, Gt. Portland Street, London, W.1.*

LORD NUFFIELD inspired his PENSION "BULLET"

Now he'll draw a cheque from "John Bull" every Xmas

AS a record-breaking Santa Claus, Lord Nuffield has set a golden example to his fellow-men. Now, without knowing it, he has helped a typical JOHN BULL reader to make sure of a lifetime of merry Christmases and prosperous New Years!

It was by taking the famous millionaire philanthropist as his subject for a neat *Bullet*, you see, that a young Leicestershire draughtsman, Mr. T. Sharp, 11, Empress Road, Loughborough, captured our 1,147th First Prize. A £50 cheque every Christmas for life and also a superb Radiogram rewarded him for entering his striking effort, THE MILLIONAIRE BOSS—WORKING FOR "MAN," NUFFIELD.

How simple it is to construct a big prize *Bullet* is shown by this Pensioner's own words. "A single 'Good Shot' prize was my only previous award," he told JOHN BULL. "My Life Pension *Bullet* was the result of half an hour's thought and rearranging a few simple words.

"I was sitting at home on Saturday afternoon and had been reading in my newspaper about Lord Nuffield's latest gifts. On reading down the *Examples*, WHAT THE MILLIONAIRE SAID reminded me of Lord Nuffield, so did POPULAR BOSS. From these, as permitted in that Contest, I made my own *Example*, THE MILLIONAIRE BOSS, and the rest soon followed."

* * *

Personal experience, she told JOHN BULL, led a woman entrant to capturing this Contest's £25 Second Prize. She is Mrs. H. Rayner, 55, Green Street, Warrington, sender of the apt effort, POPULAR BOSS—ONLY *Output* "CREEPS UP."

"I have known what it is," she related, "to turn round suddenly and find the boss peering at me, having crept up silently! I have also worked for the other kind of boss, under whom one would never slack. Having got the idea of 'creeping up,' I found it easy to complete my play on words."

* * *

Next in that week's long prize-list came another woman "Bulleteer," Mrs. A. Render, 22, Milan Road, Leeds. Her twelve-year-old son Brian, she said, provided the inspiration for her human Third Prize *Bullet*, I'D LIKE FIGHT IN—SONNY—NOT SONNY FIGHTING.'

"That effort expresses just what I like Brian's character to show—ability to fight his difficulties, with no thought of fighting his fellows," Mrs. Render remarked. "This £10 cheque is easily the biggest prize I've won in the two years I've enjoyed making up *Bullets*. Now I'm out to capture a fine First Prize!"

* * *

Glance again at the *Bullets* which brought these winners their big prizes and you will see that you could easily have made up any of those efforts yourself. There is no reason, then, why yours should not be that splendid Pension plus Cash First offered opposite—provided you make up your *Bullets* in time.

But you must act promptly, for that £1 Weekly for Life and £100 in immediate cash can only be yours if your *Bullets* for this Contest are posted on or before Saturday, December 31. Use your Christmas leisure well and thus win a lifetime of happy New Years!

BIG CHEQUES AND 200 XMAS FEASTS WON IN "BULLETS" THIS WEEK!

First Prize, £250 Cash—Competition No. 1,148:

A. G. POUND, 217, Icknield Way, Letchworth, Herts.
Example: STORMY WEATHER
Bullet: NEEDN'T SWAMP "GOOD MORNING!"

SECOND PRIZE, £25:

J. T. EDWARDS, Fron-Chwith, Llanrug, Caernarvonshire
Example: We're All For Peace, But
Bullet: Democracy Mustn't Become "Refugee."

THIRD PRIZE, £10:

G. RIMMINGTON, 13, Silverdale Road, Basford, Nottingham.
Example: Dad Bought A Turkey And
Bullet: *That* "Skin" Wasn't "Full."

OTHER PRIZES:

£9: O. ARMSTRONG, 15, Canterbury Avenue, Marton, Blackpool.
How We'd Cheer If—Unemployment's Sad Procession "Passed."

£8: Mrs. D. TAYLOR, 14, Bessborough Gardens, London, S.W.
For Democracy—Unite—Or Your "Night"!

£7: Mrs. McLELLAND, 88, Maybank Road, Birkenhead, Ches.
Wise Men—Christians, Solving "Solomon's Problem."

£6: R. SYNNOTT, 17, Moreton Road, Bushbury, Wolverhampton.
What Christmas Means—Pay Short? What Meanness!
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

£5: E. HARTSHORN, 21, Nithdale Road, Plumstead, S.E.
When Puddleton Played Muddleton—Only *Bladder* Broke Through"!
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

£4: B. GILES, Greenway, Little Bushey Lane, Bushey Heath, Herts.
[illegible]ppy Child—Little Fritz—Misses Rachel.
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

[illegible] SPINALL, 154, Poolstock Lane, Wigan.
[illegible]uddleton Played Muddleton—Unhap[illegible]Man Whistled Most!

TEN OF £2 10s. EACH:

S. CAUNT, 103, Royston Avenue, Doncaster, Yorks.
Dad Bought A Turkey And—Mother Retaliated With Cigars!

Mrs. F. DEAN, 248, Gammons Lane, Watford.
We're All For Peace, But—Hitler's Book Prohibits "Arm-chair."

A. E. HILL, 1, Bridge Road, Oldfield Park, Bath.
What Christmas Means—Peace—Neighbours Killing Cockerel!

A. JONES, 29, Southey Walk, Tilbury, Essex.
Upset Our M.P.—His "Hear-hear!" Unpublished.

Mrs. E. N. OVENELL, 51, Sandbanks Road, Parkstone, Dorset.
We're All For Peace, But—Family Must Meet Christmas-time!

J. SAYERS, 80, Hertford Road, Brighton.
Upset Our M.P.—Catcalls Interrupted His "Purring."

P. T. SIMES, Tower Hall Hotel, Solsbro Road, Torquay.
For Democracy—One Way Out—Onwards!

Mrs. C. D. TASKER, 25, Guy's Cliffe Terrace, Warwick.
Whirlwind Courtship — Employer Wanted *Married* Man.
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

G. H. VARLEY, 49, Essex Street, Halifax.
Wise Men—Magistrates, After Clerk Whispers!

E. C. VAUGHAN, 7, Upper St. Michael's Road, Aldershot.
Faith's Lantern—Carollers Needed—Sandy's Porch!

A list of 20 Hampers, 40 Turkey, 80 Fowl and 80 Xmas Cake winners can be seen at these offices.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques of £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,151 usually purchase "John Bull."

CELEBRATE the NEW YEAR with a Bullets LIFE INCOME!

Already has received **319** PENSION **CHEQUES** From 'JOHN BULL'

Every Saturday, without fail, along comes a £1 Pension Cheque for Mr. R. N. Croft, 66, Tang Hall Lane, Tang Hall Estate, York, First Prize-winner in "Bullets" No. 867 - there have been 319 already and they will continue for the rest of his life.

YOU CAN BE 'BULLETS' 34th PENSIONER

WIN £1000 IN £1 Weekly PENSION CHEQUES from JOHN BULL DURING NEXT 20 YEARS & CONTINUING FOR LIFE

PLUS £100 CASH OR LUMP SUM OF 300 GUINEAS

£25 £10 £9 £8 £7 £6 £5 £4 £3 £2 £1

200 NEW YEAR SURPRISE AWARDS

THOUSANDS OF OTHER PRIZES

NEW YEAR BONUS AWARD VALUE £2 WITH PRIZE WHOSE WINNER HAS SUBMITTED 4 OR MORE COUPONS FOR THIS CONTEST

Win 52 Cheques in 1939!

SOME reader of JOHN BULL is going to make 1939 a golden New Year—by winning a Life Pension of 20s. Weekly, plus £100 in immediate cash. That competitor can be you—provided that you make up your mind to win!

Already 33 "Bulleteers" are enjoying the extra security of a Life Income from Long Acre. The latest is the young married man, Mr. T. Sharp, 11, Empress Road, Loughborough, Leics, whose story appears on the opposite page.

A JOHN BULL cheque for £50 will be paid to Mr. Sharp every Christmas for the rest of his life. Look sharp and enter for the fine Offer now before you, and you may well win a First Prize cheque every week for life!

This fine First is followed by a batch of big cheques, and no fewer than 200 entrants will secure valuable 2-in-1 New Year Surprise Awards. In addition, every winner who qualifies as directed will also receive a New Year Bonus value £2.

With so many opportunities before you, lose no time with your Bullets, but begin on them as soon as you have read through the simple instructions below.

Use care and common-sense, just as these 33 *Bullets* Pensioners did, and you may well be this Contest's First Prize Joy Wire!

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"

TO make a prize *Bullet*, simply take an *Example* and make a rough note of any idea it suggests. Then improve this to TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment, closely linked with that particular *Example*.

For instance, against the *Example*, FLOOD OF ORATORY, you might jot down *Mustn't Spoil Prospects of Peace*. This you could easily improve to the typical *Bullet*, FLOOD OF ORATORY—MUSTN'T SWAMP PEACE "SHIP."

Study the leading *Bullets* in our 1,148th contest on opposite page and remember to post your entry on or before Saturday, December 31.

Add 2, 3, or 4 Words to any "Example"

JOB FOR 1939	LIKE POISON
GOVERNMENT LIFEBOAT	IN THE MARRIAGE MARKET
TO DEFEND BRITANNIA	WITHOUT STOPPING
EXPERIENCE TEACHES	THERE'S ROOM AT THE TOP, SO
WISDOM PREVAILED AND	SHOWED HER
MY LIFE	IN THE STRUGGLE
CRISIS IN OUR VILLAGE	WHEN HEMPECK STRUCK
FLOOD OF ORATORY	WHAT HE'S WAITING FOR
ENCOURAGING	CRUSHED
WHEN OLD	MEANS BUSINESS
GHOST OF THE PAST	NOTHING TO DO
SHE CALLED THEM CIGARS, BUT	WHERE DAD WENT WRONG

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./. Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

Save Money on Entries With your *Bullets* entry you may now enclose Crossword entry, with single postal order sufficient to cover both entry-fees, thus saving 2½d. on poundage and postage.

Make postal order payable to JOHN BULL, address joint entry envelope "Bullets" No. 1,151 and Crossword No. 136, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, marking it "B and C" in top left-hand corner.

LAST DAYS TO ACCEPT GIFT OFFER

"I FIND *Bullets Bulletin* practically indispensable—in fact I cannot imagine myself succeeding without its guidance. It tells you what to avoid and how to make your ship come home. Keep your eye on topical events, watch the winners and study the *Bulletin*—that is my advice."

Those are the words of our latest Life Pensioner—Mr. T. Sharp, 11, Empress Road, Loughborough, Leics, and his tribute is typical of hundreds from big winners to the helpful aid of JOHN BULL's bright and encouraging guide to success.

To celebrate the New Year, a special *Bulletin* Gift Offer has been planned. Your acceptance means that for six weeks you will receive free and post free a regular copy of the cheery, encouraging guide to Competition success which has carried scores of its readers to the top of the prize-list.

The *Bulletin* Presentation Supply becomes yours by merely enclosing Gift Voucher on this page with two or more 6d. coupons for the fine *Bullets* Offer now awaiting your entry. This new Presentation Opportunity is yours only until the last day of 1938—accept it whilst there is time!

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,151) Closing postmark SAT., Dec. 31. | P.O. No. ..... | I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d. | Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,151) Closing postmark SAT., Dec. 31. | P.O. No. ..... | I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. | Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,151) Closing postmark SAT., Dec. 31. | P.O. No. ..... | I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d. | Signed ..... Address .....

FREE COUPON FOR THIS COMPETITION IF USED AS INSTRUCTED BELOW

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

FREE PRIVILEGE ENTRY

I enclose TWO or more paid (or prize) coupons for Bullets No. 1,151, all entered in same name and address, entitling me to this coupon FREE.

Signed .....
Address .....

Should you wish to enter further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,151, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp).

Free "Bulletin" Gift Voucher

(Available only if enclosed with 2 or more coupons for 'Bullets' No. 1,151)

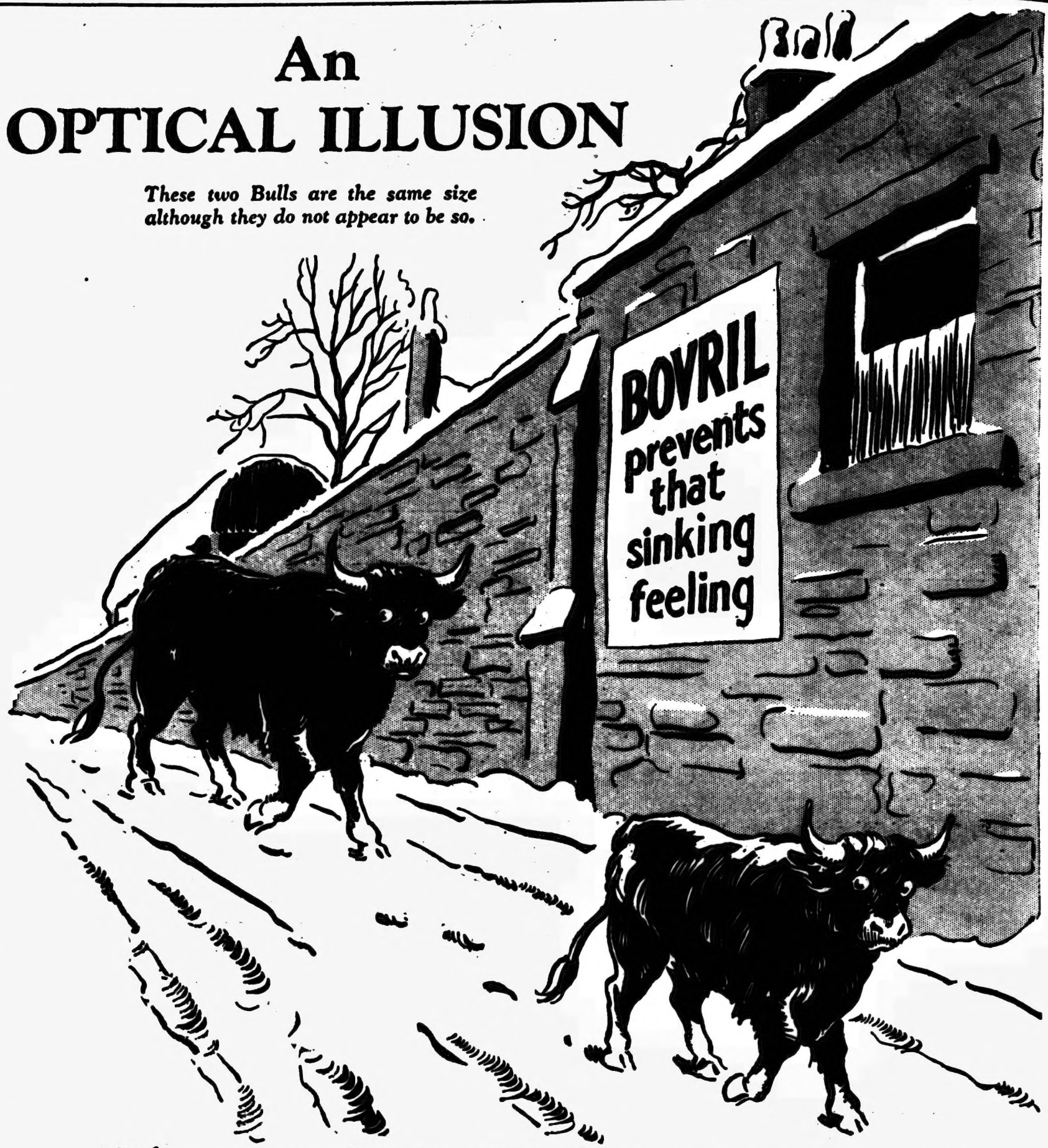
I enclose ..... paid 6d. entries (NOT LESS THAN 2) with necessary entry-fee for "Bullets" No. 1,151—please arrange 6 weeks "Bulletin" Gift Supply

SIGNED _____
ADDRESS _____
BLOCK LETTERS _____

N.B.—If already registered for regular "Bulletin" supply, MARK X HERE ☐

An OPTICAL ILLUSION

These two Bulls are the same size although they do not appear to be so.



There is NO ILLUSION about

BOVRIL

—it is always the same

J.B.L.51 38★

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B155 A316 J.B.242-38